TWO CADETS WITH WASHINGTON

W. O. STODDARD

W. O. STODDARD'S BOOKS

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

GID GRANGER: A Country Boy. 12mo. Illustrated . $1.25
CHUCK PURDY: A New York Boy. 12mo. Illustrated 1.25
THE PARTNERS. 12mo. Illustrated 1.25
THE DESPATCH BOAT OF THE WHISTLE: A Story of Santiago. 12mo. Illustrated 1.25
JACK MORGAN: A Boy of 1812. 12mo. Illustrated . 1.25
THE ERRAND BOY OF ANDREW JACKSON: A War Story of 1812. 12mo. Illustrated 1.25
AHEAD OF THE ARMY. 12mo. Illustrated 1.25
LONG BRIDGE BOYS. 12mo. Illustrated 1.25

REVOLUTIONARY SERIES

DAN MONROE: A Story of Bunker Hill. 12mo. Illustrated 1.25
TWO CADETS WITH WASHINGTON: A Story of the Siege of Boston. 12mo. Illustrated 1.25
GUERT TEN EYCK: A Hero Story of Real American Girls and Boys. 12mo. Illustrated 1.25
THE NOANK'S LOG: A Privateer of the Revolution. 12mo. Illustrated 1.25

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.
BOSTON

"Jim," yelled Dan, "that's our new flag!"—*Page 297.*

Revolutionary Series

TWO CADETS WITH WASHINGTON

BY

W. O. STODDARD

Author of "Guert Ten Eyck," "The Noank's Log," "Long Bridge Boys," "Dan Monroe," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. KENNEDY

BOSTON
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

Published, August, 1906

Copyright, 1906,
BY
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

All Rights Reserved

TWO CADETS WITH WASHINGTON

NORWOOD PRESS
BERWICK & SMITH CO.
NORWOOD, MASS.
U. S. A.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	All on Fire	1
II.	A Liberty Legacy	26
III.	Drawing the Lines	51
IV.	Dangerous Cruising	72
V.	The Captured Spy	95
VI.	The Virginia Fox	122
VII.	More News	146
VIII.	The Shut Trap	164
IX.	Tories	183
X.	Looking Forward	213
XI.	Army Fashions	233
XII.	Buckskin Shirts	261
XIII.	Great Guns	281
XIV.	Two Kings	299
XV.	Success!	321

ILLUSTRATIONS

"Jim," yelled Dan, "that's our new flag!" (page 297) . . . . . *Frontispiece*

PAGE

"It did the last drummin' that we drummed on Breed's Hill. Hurrah!" 25

He could hear the words: "Spy-boat!" — "Yankee scout!" — "Catch him!" — "Shoot him!" . . . 83

Dan Monroe was ready to believe that the Commander-in-Chief had bowed to *him* 143

General Washington had seen bashful boys before . 171

"It's a first-rate hiding-place!" exclaimed Dan . . 206

"Thank God! Now I can take Boston" 303

Headed by the Colonel himself, Dan Monroe, and the beautiful new flag of the Union 334

TWO CADETS WITH WASHINGTON

CHAPTER FIRST

ALL ON FIRE

IT was in the evening time and the stars were out. In nearly all the world upon which they were looking down it was a quiet hour, for the toil of the day was over and the workers were at rest. There was a notable exception to the general quiet at one point, however. The Mystic River comes down from the northwest to pour its contribution into the waters of Boston harbor and Massachusetts Bay. A couple of miles or so above its mouth there was a ferry in the year 1775 for the accommodation of travelers to and from the village of Malden, or elsewhere. If, on the night following the 17th of June of that year, a circle twenty miles in diameter had been drawn with the ferryboat as a center, it might safely have been asserted that

hardly anybody within that circumference was thinking of peace or quiet.

In the middle of the road which led southward from the Malden ferry there were three persons who walked along with a somewhat fatigued and travel-tired appearance. They were not the only passengers who had just crossed the Mystic, for at a little distance ahead of them marched a company of about sixty armed men, in column of fours. They were keeping step and ranks fairly well, although not perfectly, and they wore no kind of uniform to tell what army they might belong to. Here and there among them were some signs of weariness and many more of ugly temper, as if there might be something on their minds to make them fiercely discontented. That is the state of mind in which men are ready for almost anything, even for insubordination to the powers that be or for open rebellion.

"Well, Captain, I say!" shouted one of them loudly, "we've marched our best an' we're a'most there, but wouldn't it be just awful if they'd gone an' had a fight 'fore we could git in!"

"Awful!" responded more than one hoarse voice, and another added, with deeply disgusted emphasis, "Mean o' them, too!"

The officer who had been spoken to was walking some paces in advance of his men, with a queer-looking old sword drawn in his hand, as if he were expecting to use it right away. He only half turned his head to respond:

"Never you mind! I guess you'll all git fightin' enough before you're through with this thing. I wish I'd been at Lexington!"

Good marching is somewhat inconsistent with much talking, but a rapid fire of rebellious or patriotic exclamations rattled along the line to be heard by the trio who were following in the rear. One of these was a tall, thin woman, who was stepping on in advance of her companions, as if she might be the leader of that squad. Her head was bare and her long black hair fell down disheveled to her waist over a fringed and beaded buckskin hunting shirt. A skimpy gown of blue homespun left uncovered several inches of her ankles, and on her feet were beadworked moccasins.

"Ugh!" she exclaimed. "Malden men no saw great fight on hill. Want be kill? Ugh! Lobster shoot 'em all, next time. No hurry."

The two who were behind her looked like well-grown, athletic boys, of somewhere near seventeen. Therefore they could not have been soldiers, but one of them carried over his shoulder a long bell-mouthed fowling-piece which would have been a heavy weapon for a full-grown man.

"Polly," he said, "those fellers don't know anything about the fight on the hill, but I wish they'd been there. What we wanted was more men an' more powder an' lead. We could ha' whipped 'em——"

"Whip 'em?" broke in the other youth. "Why, Dan, so we did. We beat 'em twice an' they only beat us once, after all our powder was fired away. I wish we'd saved old Ford Fenner's powderhorn an' shot-pouch. They were a'most full. He had a lot o' slugs, too."

"No lose 'em!" said Polly, turning triumphantly. "Nat, look!"

"Why, Nat!" said Dan. "Didn't you know

she had 'em? She saved 'em when she picked up the gun."

"Well," said Nat, looking curiously at the war treasures which Polly had slung over her shoulder, "I did know and I didn't. It 'pears to me I haven't been really seein' anythin' but the British comin' up the hill."

"Well, no," said Dan, "I've thought a good deal about them, but what I've been thinkin' about most was old Ford Fenner and General Warren and all the rest of 'em, lyin' there, stone dead, an' the British, too, scattered all over the slope, hundreds of 'em. I can hear the wounded men——"

There he paused and Nat slowly responded:

"That's so. But I tell you what's one o' the queer things in it. The last man that was killed when the British came over the breastworks was old Ford Fenner, the Quaker. An' he died a-fightin' hard, too."

They had other things to say, as they walked along, from which it appeared that the Malden men were indeed to be disappointed. There had been bloody fighting that day, upon Bunker Hill and Breed's, and

these three had been in the thickest of it, whether or not they were soldiers.

On they went, under the starlight and through the glooms cast by the trees which bordered the road, and before long the light wind which was blowing brought to their ears a sound which was like the humming of innumerable bees. They paused and listened to it, but could not quite make up their minds as to what it might be. It was suddenly interrupted by a loud voice which hailed the officer in command of the Malden militia. It was responded to as sonorously, and in a moment more he and his men had broken ranks and were crowding breathlessly forward to pour a wild storm of excited inquiries upon a mounted patrol which had halted in the road, for the words which had come to their ears were:

"What! Hadn't you fellows heard tell o' the battle?"

Not one man of the patrol had been in it, but each felt that he had been fortunate in having been a number of miles nearer than these belated reinforcements from north of the Mystic. It was a feather in any man's cap

to have been within sound of the cannon. There were four men in the mounted squad, and if wrath, news and patriotism weighed anything, the animals under them had heavy loads to carry. They may have been unloading a little just now. They were in good spirits, too, for while they were willing to admit that the Americans had decided to leave their entrenchments and to retire, slowly and in good order across Charlestown Neck to a better position, they insisted that the British had been badly defeated.

"We killed five times as many o' them as they did of us," was roundly asserted, "and all they won from us was some heaps of earth an' some old good-for-nothing rail fences. They burned the town, too, but that won't do 'em any good. The fact is, if we could have just such a victory every day for two weeks, there wouldn't be any redcoats left to garrison Boston, an' we'd be just as strong as ever."

The new arrivals accepted that arithmetical view of the battle perfectly, while they expressed with great energy their deep regret that they had not set out earlier, so as to

have been on the ground in time to join the heroes who had in this manner baffled the forces of General Howe. Then they resumed their march and Polly and her companions trudged along behind them, for they had heard the patrol say that the Americans had retreated toward Prospect Hill, taking their wounded with them. They had also heard that the entire army was hard at work, strengthening its forts of all sorts, of which some were on rising ground.

"Polly," said Dan, "that's where you and I and Nat have got to go, if we're to find out whether any of our folks were hurt."

"Some got kill, I guess," said Polly. "Lobster have bay'net."

"That was the worst of it," said Nat. "I saw 'em go down."

"I wish we were goin' to have bay'nets, next time," said Dan, "but I guess we've only two or three miles to go, now, from what they said."

"Don't care 'f it's ten!" exclaimed Nat. "I'm awful tired, but I'd ruther walk all night than not know how it is."

Now came to their ears again that wonder-

ful hum, and it was more than twenty thousand noises twisted together into one long rope of unceasing sound. Something like it may be listened for, any night, around the edges of great cities, or a little distance inland from the sea, and people who live long miles away from the falls of Niagara have only to make things entirely quiet close around them and hark for a moment and a sound will come to them which is not unlike what one may obtain by putting his ear up to a large conch shell. Only that everybody knows that the music of the shell is made up of the sounds that it heard long ago and not of any it is hearing while your ear is in the way. The hum around Boston, that night, more than on any other night, had not been left over from the thunder of the cannonade or the rattle of the rifles and muskets. The fact was that only such men or women as were entirely exhausted were asleep at that hour. All who were able to sit up or walk around were eagerly discussing the battle and its consequences. So many voices talking at once amounted to a great deal of sound, and to these were to be added the noises made by

the picks and shovels which were at work upon the forts and entrenchments, the trampling of many horses and the gritting of wagonwheels on gravel.

That was a weary, anxious evening walk, plodding along in doubt and uncertainty to find out whether those they loved were dead or living, and shuddering every now and then over memories of what they had seen of the effects of bullets and bayonets, that day. Polly led the way all the while, as if she did not know what it was to be tired. She had hardly anything to say, however, and at short intervals fierce gleams would shoot across her swarthy face. They were such as might have lighted up the countenance of some old-time Narragansett warrior on the warpath with a hope before him of being able to strike some of his enemies pretty soon.

"Dan," said Nat, as they were climbing a considerable hill, from the summit of which the trees had been cut away, "that isn't all starlight, away over yonder. Somethin's burnin'. Guess it isn't Boston."

"No," said Dan. "'Tisn't so far away as that. Might be campfires."

In a few minutes more they were standing on the top of the hill and were taking a long look toward the Charlestown peninsula, not so very far from them, and at the town of Boston in the distance beyond it. In those directions and out on the water and away at the right there were numerous twinkling points of fire. These, as they knew, might indicate the localities of ships or camps or of buildings in the town itself, but there were two which were altogether different from the others.

One of these, which they shortly decided must be upon Copp's Hill, near the fort upon which the British had mounted their heaviest artillery and from which so many shot had been hurled at Bunker Hill that day, was a tall glare of red and smoky flame. It was Dan's guess that it must be a celebration bonfire, and he was right. General Gage had wished his soldiers to feel triumphant. It would encourage them, in case they were soon to have any more slopes to climb in the face of American marksmen. He had therefore permitted them to build an exceedingly joyful blaze and to heap it up with all the empty

tar barrels they could lay their hands on. It would at least express their satisfaction that they had prevented the rebel militia from driving them out of Boston, as General Howe himself had asserted they would do if his attempts to storm the Charlestown hills should not be successful. The other great fire had a yet more unmistakable meaning, for it arose upon the brow of Bunker Hill, near the spot where General Howe had commanded his victorious troops to halt, to cheer and to fire exultant volleys, while the beaten Americans were solemnly retreating across the Neck.

It was indeed a tremendous bonfire, for into it had been thrown, perhaps vindictively, every old fence rail from the breastworks behind which the Colonial marksmen had taken such deadly aim until they had no more powder to shoot with.

"It's right on the top o' the hill," said Dan. "Well! That was a pretty hot place for everybody, late in the afternoon."

"Tell you what!" replied Nat. "I was glad to get out of it."

"I guess all the rest were," said Dan.

Polly did not speak. She stood still for a few moments, gazing at those blazes, and then she darted forward in the direction of Prospect Hill. Nat and Dan followed her somewhat thoughtfully, for they could not help accepting the unpleasant military fact that after all that could be said on their side, the British had actually captured those hills, and the flag of England was now floating upon the virtually important position which the militia had undertaken to hold against them, without any flag at all.

As they went on, they were all the while meeting more or less numerous parties and groups of armed stragglers who appeared to be there without any especial military business upon their hands. They were, however, an illustration of the unorganized and even confused condition of the forces with which the American commanders were carrying on their operations. Any man, of any regiment, was under the impression that he was at liberty to go anywhere at his own free will, without giving his officers any trouble about it. They would be sure to see him again when he came back.

The trio from Malden ferry did not pause for anything except occasional directions for the way, until this was almost blocked before them by a party of men, near the foot of the slope in front of the first line of defenses on the road to Charlestown Neck. Several who were holding horses stood a little apart from the rest. Four more, wearing cocked hats and swords, also stood together by themselves and were talking vehemently, while others, most of whom also appeared to be officers, were grouped around them in a circle and were listening, with now and then a chorus of only half-suppressed exclamations.

"Dan," whispered Nat, "that's Old Put! That's Prescott! Oh, but didn't he look splendid when he walked along on top o' the breastworks!"

"And that's General Ward," replied Dan. "There's General Heath, too."

"Ugh!" exclaimed Polly. "All talk fight. Want lobster 'calp."

If that were so, then she herself was looking like yet another excited brave who had dug up the hatchet and was eager to go on the warpath.

It was a matter of course that the Commander-in-Chief, General Ward, should be in that vicinity, the night after the battle, receiving reports and making necessary dispositions, but they now heard him saying, in an almost angry tone of voice:

"General Putnam, no! I must not remain here one moment longer. What I am most afraid of is that the enemy will take advantage of the circumstances to make a dash across Boston Neck. I must hurry away to the Roxbury lines. Our troops there are in no shape to receive a sudden attack in force. They might deal us a severe blow——"

"No, they won't!" as loudly responded General Putnam. "They will never think of it. In my opinion, they are just now too much occupied in counting their dead and wounded. They have had enough! I tell you that we shall have plenty of time to get ourselves into shape——"

"General Ward," broke in Colonel Prescott, "more than that, I must repeat what I said before. If I had had more men, this day, or if I had been supplied with ammunition for the guns of those I did have, the British

would never have taken Bunker Hill! Now, here! If you will give me three good regiments, with plenty of ammunition, I will retake that place before daylight. Not only will I surprise them, for they will not dream that I am coming, but they cannot just now be prepared to strike at you anywhere else. They are terribly weakened."

"My dear Colonel," responded General Ward, calmly, "you did your duty bravely. You did much more than I could have expected. You really won a victory. All that the enemy have captured is of no present value to them. But I have no regiments to give you that are in good condition for so rash an undertaking as you propose."

No member of that distinguished military group could hear some remarks that were being made a little distance down the road, beyond the horses.

"Dan," said Nat, "if they let Prescott go an' do it, let's you and I go with him. I'm ready, but I haven't any fife to blow——"

"I'll go!" responded Dan, eagerly. "And I've a gun to shoot with, this time, and the powderhorn's a'most full."

"Ugh!" exclaimed a third volunteer. "Polly go, too."

Colonel Prescott was beginning to say something more in support of his daring proposition when General Putnam interrupted him.

"Wait a bit, Colonel," he said. "Think, for a moment. The British brought artillery with them. I counted more than a dozen pieces, myself. By this time they may have more. You may be sure that every piece they can muster is now bearing upon Charlestown Neck. Most likely they are throwing up earthworks to protect their cannon. Your three regiments, or as many more as you might take, would be swept with grape and canister on that narrow pass. The British generals are not greenhorns. They will be quite prepared for any such stroke as you think of making."

More was said, on both sides, but the enthusiastic colonel was overruled and had to give it up. Nevertheless, he had perfectly expressed the prevailing conviction of the American militia that they had not by any means been beaten. At all events, if anybody

said so, they were ready to try it on again, right away, before the British got over their defeat.

General Ward and all the others who had horses mounted and rode away, and all those who had none hurried off as if orders had sent them.

"Nat," said Dan, "how Old Put an' General Ward are runnin' their nags! If there's going to be another battle, they mean to get there in time."

"Well," said Nat, a little slowly, "I just hope there won't be any till I'm rested an' find out about our folks. I'm awful tired an' I want to know who's killed an' who isn't."

What had seemed to be an informal but very important council of war had broken up, and it had also departed with the exception of one man on foot, who now stood still in the middle of the road. He was holding his hat in one hand, rubbing his forehead with the other and was growling short words that sounded like the growls of an angry bear. His indignant remarks about too much prudence and some other things were suddenly interrupted

and he raised his bent head to look down into the face of a woman who earnestly asked of him:

"Colonel, tell Polly where hurt men gone. Where take 'em. Tell where British put dead. All men killed on hill."

"Yes, Colonel," pleaded another voice. "Nat Harrington and I want to know, too. We were in the redoubt. Polly's a Narragansett slave. Her owner was old Ford Fenner, the Quaker, an' he was bay'neted——"

"I declare!" exclaimed Prescott. "Yes, I saw it all. I saw you there. You were the fifer and drummer. Well, Polly, the British will bury all the dead right there, on the hill at once. Some of the wounded were taken prisoners, but not many. All that were brought off were taken to their own camps. You were in the Lexington company?"

"Yes, sir," said Dan, and then a few more instructions told him all that he needed to know, and the Colonel walked moodily away.

"Nat," said Dan, "I'm glad we know where to go, but I'm a'most afraid to get there. Maybe it'll be something we don't want to know."

"I guess a good many were bay'neted in that last fight," said Nat. "There was shootin', too, while we were gittin' away."

All in the dark and with beating hearts, therefore, they approached the line of booths and tents where they were to learn what they were so afraid to ask for. Their steps grew shorter, more hesitating, as they drew nearer. There was a campfire burning, and its fitful light aided the dull glimmer of the stars above. It fell upon several human forms which were gathered under the shade of a densely leaved tree, and Dan sprang suddenly forward.

"Mother!" he shouted, "Aunt Dorothy! Mrs. Harrington!"

"And there's my father!" exclaimed Nat. "Now I know he wasn't killed. If he was, he wouldn't be standin' up."

If anything else was said by anybody during a full half minute after that, it would have had to be picked out in small pieces, and it was all badly mixed up with the names of those two boys. All the other names were also tangled up with the anxious inquiries made as to the number of cannon-balls, musket-

balls, bayonets and sabers they had been killed with. Mrs. Monroe had greatly relieved Dan by her first cautious whisper of: "Hush! Don't wake your father. I hope he's asleep." He was just getting into a lame and scattered explanation of the manner in which he and his friends had escaped from being massacred by the troops of General Howe, near the end of the great victory for both sides, when a hoarse voice from a place on the further side of the tree called out:

"Come here, Dan! I ain't much hurt. I saw you in the redoubt. I thought you were killed, or a prisoner. Tell me all about it."

"Father!" screamed Dan, springing forward and going down upon his hands and knees. "Where were you hit? I ain't hurt a mite."

"Bayonet thrust in one leg," said Mr. Monroe. "Sword cut on my head. I won't be laid up for more'n three weeks with 'em. I can't walk, though. But how on earth did you get away?"

"Oh," said Dan, "it was Polly did it. She took us all the way down through Charles-

town, while it was on fire, an' she had a canoe there, an' we paddled across, up the Mystic."

That sounded to him like a complete explanation, but it was only a good beginning, for not only his father, but all the rest, were eager to hear everything he could tell them about those last terrible minutes of the battle of Bunker Hill. His story included the death of the old Quaker, Ford Fenner, and of several more whom he had seen fall, and there were other things which had not been seen by the American soldiers who were retreating across Charlestown Neck. Mrs. Monroe came and sat down by her husband, as if she could hear better with an arm around him, and she turned every few seconds to make sure that the bandages on his head and leg were all right, but Aunt Dorothy put both her arms around Dan, because she was in some fear lest he should get away from her and wander off into some wicked battle or other. As for Mrs. Harrington, her head was hid on her son's shoulder and she was crying, but she did not say what for.

On the other side, at length, there was an account to be given of the manner in which

so many members of those two families were unexpectedly present in that camp. It was quite simple, when it was told. The big, two-horse wagon had been loaded with supplies. Then the roan mare had been hitched to the "shay," and then everybody there was room for in either of those conveyances had decided not to be left behind in Lexington for anything—and now they were ever so glad they came.

"We got here just in time," asserted Aunt Dorothy, "but I'd no idee, when we started, that we were goin' to drive right into a battle."

"But, father," said Dan, "how did you get out of it?"

"How?" replied Mr. Monroe. "That was done for me. I was wounded in the first rush, right on top o' Bunker Hill. So were more of us. Then the British gave back a bit and our men picked us up. The carts that fetched the tools were there and so were some o' the wagons. They just loaded us in and sent us ahead. It was old Ford Fenner's cart that they put me into. It's away out yonder, now, and it must go back to Lexington."

"Nat," shouted Dan, springing to his feet, "did you hear that? You and I'd better go an' see about somethin'."

"Guess we had!" yelled back Dan. "Come on!"

Away they ran, and in a few moments more they were leaning over the side of a large, two-wheeled cart, out at the edge of the camp.

"There it is!" said Dan, at the end of a long and anxious breathlessness, while his eyes searched the dimly lighted cavity before him. "There is my drum, an' your fife is tied onto it. The British didn't get 'em!"

Nat was already climbing over into the cart and was trying to say "Hurrah," but could not do it very distinctly. He untied his fife, however, and blew a long shrill screech on it, to make sure that its music had been neither killed nor wounded.

"Hold on with that fife!" shouted a loud voice near them. "What on earth do you mean, a-blowin' a recall signal at this time o' night?"

"No, sir! I didn't!" responded Nat. "But this 'ere's the fife o' the Lexington comp'ny,

"It did the last drummin' that we drummed on Breed's Hill. Hurrah!" — *Page 25.*

and I'm its fifer. It's just come back from Bunker Hill."

"So has our drum!" shouted Dan, holding it up and rapping on it. "It was in the Concord fight, and it did the last drummin' that was drummed in the redoubt on Breed's Hill. Hurrah!"

More than a score of the men who were within hearing knew that fife and drum and they all joined heartily in a cheer for its unexpected rescue.

CHAPTER SECOND

A LIBERTY LEGACY

A GREAT deal may sometimes be done for a crowd of men, or even for a whole nation, by a great excitement. The tidings of the rising of the Massachusetts Minute Men, at Concord and Lexington, had long since gone all over the Colonies, north, south, east and west. The thrilling story of the fighting and the bloodshed had stirred up a tremendous excitement. It had made thousands of the people of the several commonwealths feel, often for the first time, that they all had interests in common. This was a long step forward upon a national road which they had as yet no intention whatever of traveling, but it was, after all, only one step. It was not enough. It was but a beginning, and the effect might almost have died away if nothing else had come, to create another stormy wave of popular energy.

That something else had now come. There had been a larger uprising of armed patriots,

a greater battle, and the news from Bunker Hill was traveling like a kind of running fire in the path previously opened by the echoes of the shooting done on the Concord road.

The first effect of that combat, nevertheless, was upon the large mob of hastily gathered patriots in the camps around Boston, with whose peculiarities General Ward and his officers had been almost vainly struggling, in their efforts to introduce among them army discipline and obedience to orders. There had been any amount of loud grumbling done and the men were in the habit of discussing freely every step taken by their superiors. It was as if, in their opinion, any decision of General Ward, or even of a council of war, ought always to be submitted for discussion to a kind of army town meeting and should be favorably voted upon, before it could be considered binding upon such exceedingly free men as had rallied with their own guns to resist the illegal conduct of the English king and his ministers and his red-coated regiments.

Suddenly, now, there came a change. A strong awakening shock went through the

scattered camps from man to man. It was almost like a personal messenger that came and touched the hearts and then listened to hear whether or not they were beating true to the cause of liberty. There were not many from which the right answer was not given, and the brave fellows turned out at the next morning's muster and rollcall a great deal better soldiers than they had ever been before.

Dan Monroe and Nat Harrington arose with the sun, and both of them were a little proud of the fact that they had bivouacked on the grass, under a tree, in regular soldier fashion. They were shortly made a great deal prouder, when they were summoned to act as fifer and drummer for their own company, although neither of them had yet been regularly enlisted. Mrs. Monroe and Mrs. Harrington and Aunt Dorothy and the rest were all on hand to see, but not one of them found it easy to believe that that very fife and drum and the two youngsters who were beating and blowing for the morning parade had actually been in the thickest and hottest of the deadly struggle with the British regulars on the Charlestown Heights.

The other musters in all the camps ended as quietly as did that of the Lexington company. The apprehensions expressed by General Ward the previous evening proved to be groundless, for the British made no attempt at molesting their besiegers, but he had doubtless been wise in restraining the angry enthusiasm of Colonel Prescott and forbidding him to recapture Bunker Hill. The fact was that both sides were crippled. The American army was not yet ready for any kind of movement.

General Gage's forces, by their own account, had lost fifteen hundred and forty men killed and wounded, and it was said that the real number, counting deserters and missing men, was much larger. Adding to all this the force necessary for the occupation of the heights which they had won at so great a cost, it was evident that they had no men to spare for a wild dash across Boston Neck and against the American earthworks in that neighborhood. Possibly such a sortie might have been made, nevertheless, if the British commander had known how little powder there was for the guns behind those works.

"Mother," said Dan, as he was finishing the very good breakfast which had been cooked for him at the campfire, "I don't want to leave the army."

"Neither do I!" exclaimed Nat. "I want to stay in. Just as like as not, we'll have another battle, pretty soon."

"I think you won't be in it, then," exclaimed his mother, sharply. "Now I know what it is, I'm going to take you home. You're too young!"

"Well, my son," said Mrs. Monroe, looking at him sadly enough, "she's right. You really couldn't do anything. You can't even carry poor old Ford Fenner's big gun. It's too heavy for you. Besides, it will have to be taken home. His relatives'll claim all his property. 'Tisn't yours."

"Polly saved it," exclaimed Dan. "If she hadn't, the British would ha' took it. I carried it away an' it belongs to me."

"No, it doesn't!" said Aunt Dorothy indignantly. "I can't let you steal that there gun! But I'll tell you what. All his folks are Quakers and they wouldn't make any good use of it. They've got to have it, now, but I'll

buy it of 'em, soon's I can. You stay and drum!"

"We-ell," said his mother slowly and reluctantly, "I'm afraid that's what he'll have to do. I can take his father home, any way, and the sooner we set out for Lexington the better for him."

The surgeon who had attended Mr. Monroe had decided that he could bear the journey and that a bed in his own house would give him a better chance for speedy recovery than he could have in any tent. He himself growled almost savagely at the necessity of leaving the army, if only for a short time, and he remarked:

"What must be, must be. But I'd feel better if Dan were old enough to take my place. I wish he could carry a rifle and do something better than drum. I say, Captain Parker, if there should be a fight, let Dan have a gun."

The commander of the Lexington company had been there to look at his comrade's hurts and see how he was feeling and he shook his head gloomily:

"Perhaps I could get him one," he said,

"but I'm afraid I shan't be here, then. I'm too old and my health isn't good enough. Somebody else'll have to lead our men, after this. Our first lieutenant's killed and the company's to be reorganized, under the new enlistment orders."

He told Dan that he would have to get into it again the best way he could. In the meantime, he was free to see his father and mother home and come back again. So much was settled for the present, but the gray-headed captain had another matter weighing heavily upon his mind.

"Monroe, my friend," he said to Dan's father, "I hope you'll get well and come back as soon as you can. We need all the men of your kind that there are in this Colony. But what we need as much as men is more powder. For that and for some other things, what we want is money!—Money!—More money! Every shilling would count for blood!"

Near him at that moment was standing old Polly, the Narragansett squaw. She could not have known anything about liberty, for she had been the slave of Ford Fenner, the fighting Quaker who had fallen so bravely in

the redoubt on Breed's Hill, and nobody could have told her whose property she was at this hour. Neither had she told others of the idea which had fixed itself firmly in her mind that now, although her master was dead, she still belonged to him and not to anybody else. The British grenadier's bayonet had not exactly set her free, but it had not transferred her to some new owner. She had been listening intently, and now stepped nearer.

"Cap'n Parker go home!" she said, in a low, impressive voice. "Ford Fenner say to Polly, mebbe he get kill. Then Polly say to Cap'n Parker,—say to Dave Monroe,—nobody else, keep mouth shut.—Money for powder.—Now, Polly go home. Tell more when she bring money for powder. Shut mouth."

"Polly," exclaimed the Captain, "that's all right. I remember what he himself said to me. Dave Monroe, we mustn't breathe a word of this. Go ahead, Polly, I shall ride and I'll be there as soon as you will."

Polly's lips closed tightly and she would say no more, but when the wagon started with

the wounded man lying in it, as comfortably as might be, she was sitting beside Dan, the driver, on the front seat. As for Mrs. Monroe, she was down on the bottom of the wagon beside her husband, with one hand on his head as if she could in that way prevent the springless vehicle from jolting him. Aunt Dorothy was trying to do as much for his feet while she kept up a running fire of questions at the back of Dan's head concerning all the particulars of the manner in which General Howe and his regulars had been so completely defeated by the militia.

"I wish I'd been there, myself!" she said, more than once, and added: "Sometimes I feel as if I'd as lief be killed as not."

From quite a number of other statements that she made, however, it plainly appeared that her idea of being killed in battle included also a conviction that any man or woman of genuine patriotism, like hers, would be up again, the next day, as ready as ever to shoot the soldiers of King George. Merely being shot ought not to be too much minded.

The cart was to come home somehow, when

it could. The Monroe chaise was just now a little more than full, although it did not contain any wounded soldier. It did carry Nat Harrington and his fife, and he was a sick-looking army musician when he twisted his head to take a last look at the lines of tents and some columns of marching men.

"I'll come back again, one of these days," he said. "Old Ford Fenner used to say that this 'ere war'd last for years an' years, after it once got well a-goin'. My chance 'll come!"

Dan Monroe believed that his own chances for battles and that sort of thing were coming to him right away, but Polly had told him something that made him quite willing to make this trip to Lexington. She had not said too much, but what she did say fitted in very well with some other things which he had not told to Nat or anybody else.

"Nat wasn't with Ford Fenner an' me when we went into Boston," he said to himself. "I'll just keep still about it."

He understood, however, that upon reaching Lexington he was to go with Polly to some place or other to which she would guide

him, and that there he was likely to learn a great deal that he did not know now. The wagon and the chaise rolled slowly on together along the dusty road, and the miles were so few that it was only noon when they reached the Monroe home in the village of Lexington.

"It looks just as it always did," muttered Dan, as they were going through the wide gate, toward the side door.

What that meant was that he was laboring under a strong impression that he had been away from it during a number of years. He was not altogether mistaken, either, for he had grown older very fast while he was in the army before Boston. That fact may also have been one small part of another which was of tremendous importance. All the colonies of Great Britain in North America had also been growing older, and it would require but one year more of this swift development to make them of full age, ready to set up for themselves.

The chaise and its cargo went first to the Harrington place, and it had hardly pulled up at the door before it was surrounded by an

eager and rapidly increasing crowd of neighbors who had seen it coming up the road and were hungry for the latest news from the Boston camps. This would have been even a larger gathering of patriots if so many people had not caught glimpses also of the Monroe wagon and had chosen to follow it instead of the "shay," perhaps with the notion that the larger concern might contain more army tidings. That was really what it did, for in it was Aunt Dorothy and she could have given large odds to any other military reporter, both for what she had learned and for her remarkable faculty for giving graphic accounts of forts and battles,—including some of the latter which were yet to be fought. It was largely due to her, and to the interest with which her visitors listened to her, after Mr. Monroe had been helped into the large bedroom on the ground floor, that Dan and Polly were able to escape as silently and unobserved as they did. The horses had at first been left unhitched for a while, and then there were at least half a dozen pairs of hands leading them to the barn and caring for them as tenderly as if they also had been in the battle on

Charlestown Heights and had been sent home badly wounded.

Polly and Dan made a wide circuit, away around back of the meetinghouse and the green. Then they crossed the Concord road, went through an orchard and some fields and reached the former residence of old Ford Fenner, the Quaker, by way of its barnyard. This appeared to be in good order, and they discovered that the poultry and cattle had been well cared for.

"He always looked out for them," said Dan. "I guess he hired some feller or other to come over an' 'tend to 'em while he was gone a-fightin'."

"Polly want to see if house all right," responded the Narragansett. "Back door lock hard. Polly got key."

It might be a matter of some importance to them whether or not the house was at that hour occupied. As to the safety of its contents, there were no thieves in Lexington and such an awful thing as a burglary had not been heard of in all that law-abiding and orderly region. Nevertheless even after finding that her key was needed and opening the

door with it, Polly entered the house with slow steps, cautiously, suspiciously, and did not appear to be entirely satisfied until she had actually examined each of the four rooms on the lower floor. She uttered no word of comment until her search was completed and she once more stood in the little parlor and looked around inquiringly at every article of use or ornament which it contained.

"Ugh! Gone!" she exclaimed, pointing at a pair of antlers on the wall.

"That's so!" said Dan. "It was on them he used to keep his gun. All his Indian curiosities an' things were on the other antlers. There they are, now, clubs an' knives and all."

So it was, and the only perceptible change in the house was the absence of its owner and of his long-barreled, bell-mouthed fowling-piece.

"He'll never fire it again," said Dan. "But, Polly, what are we goin' to do next? I've put up the bars on all the doors."

He had taken that seemingly needless precaution because he was heavily impressed by a conviction that she was about to under-

take some exceedingly secret if not absolutely dangerous performance. She did not do so at once, however, nor did she answer his question. She stepped forward to the table in the middle of the room and put her hands upon a large, dingy-looking volume which lay there.

"I know," said Dan to himself. "That's old Ford Fenner's Indian Bible. He could read in it but I don't believe anybody else can."

Polly herself could not have read it any better than Dan, and she appeared to care very little at what place or passage she now opened the book. It was all the same to her, but if she could not read she could remember and repeat, although Dan derived no improvement at all from the several scraps of Scripture which she now poured forth, one after another, from one and the same page of the print before her. He did not even know that after hearing some psalms and prophecies, he should have vividly recalled the siege and capture of Jericho, considering it as Boston. If he had really understoood all she said, he would have known that she believed the breastworks around that doomed city of

the British Canaanites to have been blown up with gunpowder, the very thing which was now so sadly lacking for the attacks to be made by the Israelites under General Ward.

"Dan, stay here!" she said, at last. "Polly come back!"

Dan sat down in a chair near the table and looked around him. It was a room with which he was entirely familiar. It was in good order, although somewhat dusty, but there seemed to be a great many things in it besides the plain and simple furniture which had been left there by the Quaker patriot who would never enter it again. This is apt to be the case with all old rooms from which the accustomed occupants have departed. They are more or less crowded with memories and associations, but none of these will ever take the trouble to get up and dust the other things. Dan had a great many to think of, just then, and not a few of them were connected in one way or another with what he saw around him, but after all the most important question in his mind was:

"Where on earth can that old Narragansett squaw have gone?"

She had not gone far. She went into the back room adjoining the parlor and closed its door behind her, fastening it as if to be sure that not even her young friend should follow her. She cast a searching glance all around, and then, being sure that she was altogether alone, she darted to the foot of the ladder which led up to the manhole into the garret. A squirrel could hardly have ascended that ladder more rapidly than she did, in spite of her many years, and then down came the little wooden door over the manhole. The light in the garret was dim, for it all came in through a window at the farther end, and this was composed of but two small panes of dingy green glass. It was a cat-like spring rather than steps which took her across beyond the chimney stack to a pile of loose lumber under the slope of the roof. A quick pulling away disclosed an ancient looking mahogany chest. When it was entirely uncovered, a key that was in its lock was turned and its lid was lifted. She pulled out a number of articles, but with most of them she appeared to have nothing to do and they could lie on the floor and be put back again after she had found

what she was in search of. It was away down at the bottom, under everything else, that she found and lifted out a small canvas bag and another that was made of buckskin. The first was immediately untied and its contents were poured out upon the floor. There were many pieces, of several kinds, large and small, and all of them were yellow. She did not try to count them.

"Powder!" she exclaimed. "Ugh! Kill heap redcoat! Old man dead!"

The gold was now carefully restored to its bag and then the other was emptied in like manner, but among its exceedingly varied collection of coins there were no yellow specimens. English, French, Spanish, Mexican, crowns, half crowns, dollars, "pieces of eight," francs, shillings, "pine-tree shillings," smaller pieces and coppers. Polly sorted out all the dollars or other coins of about that value and put them back into the bag.

"Too big!" she said of them. "Men take 'em away from Polly. Say where she get 'em. Keep shillings. Take good pay. Work long time."

This was then in part the meaning of the

manner in which she tied up in a piece of cloth all the many half crowns, francs, shillings and sixpences. They amounted to a considerable sum, for her, if they had been counted, and she was entirely correct in her understanding that no Indian slave in the province would have been allowed to remain in unquestioned possession of so much money. Certainly not by the legal heirs of the former owner of that house. It was for this treasure of her own that she was disposed to care first and Dan was still sitting in his chair, more and more uneasy, while she went down the ladder, hastened out to some place behind the barn and flitted back without any bag of mixed silver in her hand. Then she went up the ladder again, the mahogany chest was closed, locked, the pieces of lumber were heaped over it and no future searchers for the assets of the slain Quaker would have reason for suspecting that anything had escaped them. Down the ladder came Polly, but the descent had to be made with care, for she was lugging with her a pair of burdens which were making her thoughtful. She carried them with her into the parlor and laid them on the table beside

the Indian Bible, while Dan sprang forward and stood by her, staring at them and wondering what on earth they might be. She was silent for a moment before she slowly said to him:

"Put 'em in basket. Cover 'em up. Make 'em egg. Dan take one basket, Polly take one. Go to Monroe house. Nobody want look at egg."

She brought in from the next room two small wicker baskets which had doubtless carried eggs in their day. Into one of them went the canvas bag of gold and into the other the bag of silver. Something like a cold shiver had gone over Dan while she was out, for he had lifted each of them, one after the other and heard the clinks made when he put them down.

"Money in 'em!" he exclaimed. "Old Ford Fenner's money."

"Come!" said Polly. "Back same way. No want talk with anybody."

It was not a time for making remarks or asking questions, but Dan followed her with a half-formed doubt in his mind as to whether or not he had suddenly become a kind of land

pirate. Immediately after they left the house, however, that doubt bloomed out into a cheerful conviction that at all events he was playing buccaneer in the service of powder and liberty.

They went home even more cautiously than they had come, keeping far out of the way of possible news seekers or other inquirers, and they reached the Monroe place unmolested. There had been eyes at the windows, watching for them, and it was Captain Parker himself who opened the front door, but Aunt Dorothy Monroe was just behind him and she whispered excitedly:

"Dan, go right into your father's room. I got all the folks back into the sittin' room. I just do want to know what all this amounts to. I know Polly like a book, an' I guess she's all right."

"Shut mouth an' come with Polly!" exclaimed the Narragansett sharply.

Not another word was uttered as she and Dan carried their baskets into the room where the wounded soldier lay. He was feverish and in some pain and had been propped up with pillows, but his white face flushed with

the eagerness he felt to know what there might really be in this strange message which was coming to him from the dead lips of his Quaker neighbor.

A small table stood by the side of the bed and upon this were now lifted both of the baskets, but the first thing to come out of either of them was the Indian Bible which Polly had brought with her and which she very reverently opened wide. She then took out the bags and placed them upon the face of the open book and said something in her own tongue. Captain Parker stepped forward and put a hand upon one of the bags, but Polly seized and held it away, transferring it forcibly to the page beside the bag.

"No!" she exclaimed, vehemently. "Cap'n Parker, Dorry Monroe, Dan, put hand on book. Hold up other hand. Say buy powder for gun. Say freedom. Old man Ford Fenner make Polly hold book. Told her she free woman! Told her if he get kill, she take powder money to Dave Monroe an' Cap'n Parker. Now, Ford Fenner dead. Cap'n Parker open bag."

"Captain Parker," exclaimed Mr. Monroe, pretty loudly for a wounded man, "that's all there is of it. We needn't say a word to any of Fenner's heirs-at-law. If he did not leave any written will, this is good enough for us. The money was given while he was still living. It is in correct legal form and would stand before the courts. We can take the money and use it in accordance with his directions."

"I'll risk that!" said the Captain. "Your wife and sister will keep the secret, if there is one, and so will Dan."

"Ugh!" said Polly. "Dan mother put hand on book, too."

She was not satisfied until her rude formula had been complied with by all her witnesses to the fact that she had performed her trust, but Aunt Dorothy had all the while been admiring the book itself.

"What are you goin' to do with it?" she asked. "Can you read it?"

"Ugh! No!" said the Narragansett. "Ford Fenner read to her, good deal. Dorry keep book for Polly. Ford Fenner say God book."

"I will!" exclaimed Aunt Dorothy. "I'll put it away for you."

"Dorry good!" she said. "Polly come look at it, sometimes," and then she added what may have been a Scriptural quotation in Narragansett.

"Aunt Dorothy," whispered Dan, "you used to say that old Ford Fenner was a witch. What do you think about him, now?"

"Best kind!" she snapped. "What I want is a hundred just such witches as he was to find money for our army to buy powder with."

Captain Parker was carefully counting the treasure on the table, while David Monroe sat up and looked on in spite of his hurts and all the rest watched every piece as it was examined and put down. The gold count was completed first, and of that he slowly remarked:

"Two hundred guineas' value in all, doubloons, French pieces and sovereigns. Now for the silver. I wish we had coins of our own."

"One hundred and forty dollars' worth of it," he said, in a few minutes. "Ford Fenner's fur trading and all that were more profitable than any of us suspected. This will be of great use, just now."

It was to be many a long day before coins of American minting would actually supplant those of other nations. A half century later there would be more of Spanish and Mexican silver than of our own yet in circulation among us. Then would come California and our silver mines and copper, after a time of coin famine in which paper currency had to be used, even for dimes and five-cent pieces.

All the faces in the room wore expressions of extreme satisfaction when the Captain arose from his counting, but not one showed pleasure more exuberantly than did that of the Narragansett. A heavy load of responsibility, indeed, had been lifted from her shoulders. She did not tell them, however, that the bag of small coins which they had not seen was nearly as heavy to carry as was this bag of dollars on the table.

CHAPTER THIRD

DRAWING THE LINES

SOMETIMES there are curious coincidences in history, as if men at long distances from each other had set their minds and clocks to run together and to strike time in unison.

It was during the hour of suspense and anxiety when the brilliant troops of General Howe were forming on the shore of the Charlestown peninsula, preparing for the assault of the rude breastworks of the colonial militia, that the very men behind those works underwent a species of transformation whereof they were as yet entirely ignorant. The Congress in session at Philadelphia, by a formal vote, "adopted the Army." Nothing further was done and the full meaning of it was not understood by everybody, perhaps by only a few, but when that vote was passed the colonies had thereby decided to become a nation. It might even have been said, with-

out too much exaggeration, that the first attacks of the soldiers of Great Britain were repulsed and sent reeling back down the slope by the soldiers of the United States, a nation which had never been heard of and which at that date was not even expected.

Quickly following the adoption of the army was necessarily the selection of a commander for it and the signing of his commission by men who committed the awful act of treason against their lawful king in writing their names upon the parchment. This now hangs upon the wall of one of our historical collections, and it may be said that all the handwriting appears to be steady-nerved enough, but the parchment is yellow with age.

Two days later, on the 21st of June, General George Washington, Commander-in-Chief, set out from Philadelphia on horseback, attended by a brilliant staff in full uniform, on his way to assume command of the forces before Boston and of any others which might afterwards be raised in any other part of the country. All the way, as he went, the farm people hurried to the roadsides and the streets of towns and villages swarmed with

men and women and children, who watched with dancing eyes and beating hearts while the hope of the country rode by, to his long years of trial as by fire and to his final triumph—and theirs.

Up to the date of Washington's departure all the fighting reported in Philadelphia had been that at Concord and Lexington, and with this had come the tidings of the taking of Fort Ticonderoga, by Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys, without a fight. With him and his escort were such men as General Lee and General Philip Schuyler, and they were all the more willing to ride rapidly along the northern road because they were so entirely in the dark as to what might be before them.

It was not at all unlikely, in the opinion of most men, that the country was soon to hear of the defeat and dispersion of the raw New England levies by the trained and well-armed regulars under Gage and Howe and Clinton. In that case, General Washington would now be on his way to attempt the rallying of a disorganized, dispirited mob instead of taking the command of an army. He was afterwards, indeed, to distinguish himself by his

marvelous power for rallying and encouraging defeated men.

Just now, necessarily, the one question that was uppermost in the mind of the General was whether the troops he was to command were already in shape to stand firm under fire. He knew a great deal about them, from his experiences in the French and Indian wars. They had done well then, acting in co-operation with regular troops, but before them now was an altogether different military situation and he was too old a campaigner not to understand fully the importance of discipline, good arms and abundant ammunition. He and his friends were therefore riding northward with something like a great curtain hanging before them—and it may also have been hiding them from the officers and men in the camps before Boston.

In one of these camps, on the Boston side of the dark curtain of uncertainty, and not thinking about it at that hour, was a boy who stood in front of one of its tents staring at a drum which lay upon the ground.

"Here I am!" he muttered. "The folks all said I might come and I fetched the drum

with me, but now I'm afraid they won't let me do anythin' with it. They're pullin' our company to pieces an' puttin' it together again in another shape. Captain Martin's to command it, an' he says he doesn't know, just yet, what he can do with me. Well! It'll be awful if they ain't goin' to let me drum. I can do as well as Jim Andrews can, if he is twenty-five. If I ain't to drum, I wish I had a rifle."

He was silent for a moment, and then he was beginning to say something else, about not caring to have to make a long march and carry a cannon with him, or a bell-mouthed fowling piece nearly as heavy, when an officer in full uniform drew rein before him.

"You're here, are you, my boy," he said. "I came to hunt you up. What has become of your old friend the Quaker, Ford Fenner?"

"He died fighting in the redoubt on Breed's Hill, General Heath," said Dan Monroe. "I was with him when he went down."

"Brave old man!" exclaimed the General. "But you went with him to carry despatches

into Boston. Could you go again? Do you suppose the British would suspect if they should happen to see you?"

"No, your Excellency, they'd never think of anything. I guess I could do it. I saw General Howe, last time. Am I to visit him again?"

"No, I don't believe you'll need to see any of their generals," laughed the officer, merrily. "You'll see some of our people that you saw before."

"I'll just do anythin'!" exclaimed Dan. "You see, sir, it's awful! I'm afraid they won't let me into Captain Martin's company!"

He was evidently in a bad if not in a desperate state of mind, for all his army and all his hopes of war and battles appeared to be drifting away from him. The General asked him several questions, however, obtaining a full explanation of his sad situation, and then assured him that if he would accomplish this one very difficult errand his military future would be cared for. Dan's face brightened exceedingly, but on the other hand it was carefully explained to him that the ordinary

means for communicating with the patriots of Boston had almost passed out of existence. Every loophole for getting in or out was jealously guarded by the British sentries and patrols. Every boat had been seized, along all the shores, and the scout boats from the men of war were plying vigorously back and forth, more numerous and more vigilant by night than by day. There was, therefore, no seeming possibility for an American despatch bearer to cross the guarded water and reach the Boston shore.

"Your're a pretty bright young fellow," said General Health, "but how on earth 'll you ever get there?"

"Well, your Excellency," replied Dan, "Polly and I did it the other time, and I was thinkin', I guess I know how, but I won't say till I've gone an' tried it on. Mebbe I know where there's a boat."

"Dan," said the General, "I'll trust you. I can't do anything else. But I don't want you to run any foolish risks. You'll have papers that must not fall into the hands of the enemy. You mustn't, either. You may have to bring back some that'll be twice as important. Get

ready and I'll send to General Ward for some that he has."

"I'm to go straight to Friend Solomon Willis," said Dan. "I know him and he knows me. Glad it isn't to any stranger."

"Now, Dan," added the General, "you must wait here. Don't come to headquarters. I'm not at all sure about spies around there and nobody must see you come after anything."

"I'll be ready, your Excellency," replied Dan, "but I wish you'd see Captain Martin for me."

The new captain of what might still be called the Lexington company, although part of its old membership was elsewhere, was sent for, but Dan did not know exactly what the General said to him, in a long talk that they had, standing apart out of hearing.

"I don't care," he said to himself, picking up his drum with an altogether more pleasant expression on his face. "If that canoe is in there among the alders an' rushes where we left it, when we got away from the Bunker Hill battle, I'll see if I can't paddle it over to Boston. I wonder if the British'd shoot me for a spy, if they caught me? I don't know 'bout

that. Guess they would. Anyhow, I'll take my chances."

It was drawing on toward noon, and as yet no papers nor any other kind of information had come to him, on his side of the great curtain of the uncertainty which hid the national future. On the other side and away down in the New Jersey highway that led northward from Philadelphia a splendid-looking company of horsemen was galloping steadily forward. The best mounted and finest appearing man among them was riding well in front of his companions and his face was clouded by an expression of the most intense anxiety. He rode as if he were part of the horse that was under him, for there were no better horsemen than George Washington, but the reins hung loosely in his hand and his eyes appeared to have gone on a hunt after the north star. It could not have told him anything, if he could have discovered it through that bright noon sunlight, but at a diminishing distance ahead of him was something like a star. That is, if the star can travel at a swift gallop and raise a great deal of dust in coming. It consisted of more than a dozen

mounted men, every one of whom appeared to be all on fire with eager enthusiasm. A sort of yell broke from them as they drew nearer, and then both companies slackened their pace until the foremost of these newcomers was face to face with General Washington. It was to him that General Philip Schuyler shouted:

"Army couriers, are you? Hurrah! Give your despatches to his Excellency, General George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the American armies."

"Battle of Bunker Hill! Victory!" came ringing back to him, amid the storm of shouts and cheers which replied to that introduction, but nobody may have noticed the light that dawned in the stern face of Washington. His lips parted, but no audible sound came from them while the messenger rode closer and delivered papers from General Ward and others, all the while pouring out a swift, half breathless account of the battle.

The General listened in dignified silence, leaning forward in the saddle as if he did not wish to miss a word of it. All the while the glow of new light was brightening in his face

and eyes, and when at last the Massachusetts messenger paused in his enthusiastic recital he exclaimed, earnestly:

"Did the militia fight?"

"They did, your Excellency!" loudly responded the courier.

"Then the liberties of the country are safe!" shouted Washington, and even the horse he was riding made a spirited caracole, as if in strong sympathy with the encouraging effect which had been produced upon his master by the tidings from the army before Boston.

It was the duty of the courier, if not of all the patriots who had joined him on the road, helping him carry his news, to go on to Philadelphia and deliver the remainder of his despatches to Congress, but the General and his escort felt as if now some loud voice were riding with them and continually shouting "Forward!" Therefore forward they went, and to the eyes of their leader there did not appear to be anything like so dark a cloud between him and the future of the new nation that was forming, and which he was to govern so well and so wisely during the earlier stages of its formation. His greatest and most

harassing military doubt had been cleared away by the steady conduct of the militia who had fought so well, not only behind their entrenchments, but in their retreat before superior numbers across Charlestown Neck, under the cannonading of the British batteries and men of war.

No courier came to enlighten or encourage Dan Monroe concerning his own future until about the middle of the afternoon. Even then it was not an enthusiastic party of horsemen, leaving behind them a cloud of dust and shouting at him. All that he saw was a tall, handsome young fellow, in the uniform of a captain in the Connecticut militia, which was not gaudy. He had inquired of somebody for Dan, and when the Lexington drummer was produced he eyed him all over, from head to foot, smilingly.

"I am from General Heath and General Putnam," he said. "My name is Captain Nathan Hale. Here is what you are to take with you. Take care and don't let anybody know what it is or where you are going. If you find that you can't get over there, bring the packet back to me, at General Putnam's

headquarters. I pray to God that you won't get shot—or hanged!"

Dan had been studying the speaker and thought that he knew what to make of him. At all events, he thought he had never seen a finer looking soldier. Shot?—Hanged?—No prophet was there to tell Dan how few would be the months before the name of Nathan Hale would be made sacred forever upon the muster roll of America's heroes. With it, in the minds and memories of men, would be a picture of a man standing under a tree with a rope dangling over his head, but with a face as bright and fearless as it was when he now handed to the young adventurer the parcel of papers which he was to carry through the British lines.

"I'll take it there!" said Dan, as he hid the parcel under his shirt and tightened his waistcoat over it. "That is, I guess I can. I'm glad the sky's cloudin' up a little. What I want is a good dark night."

"That's so," said Captain Hale. "I wish it may be as dark as pitch. Take good care of yourself. Good-by!"

He did not instantly step away, not even

after he had shaken hands with Dan very heartily, for he took him by both shoulders and all but shook him as he exclaimed:

"God bless you! You're the right sort! Liberty is safe when even the boys of America are coming forward in this manner. I may have to die, myself, and I wish I had more than one life to give for Liberty!"

Nathan Hale had not heard the remarks made by George Washington to the messenger from Bunker Hill, but their thoughts had been very much the same.

The coming and the going of the Captain, for he now departed, had been seen by several pairs of eyes, of course, and the inquisitive owner of one pair now came hastily toward Dan, inquiring:

"I say, youngster, what did that there feller come for? Tell us all about it. We want to know what's goin' on."

Dan was puzzled and might not at once have found out what kind of answer it was best to make, but just then a strong hand was laid upon the shoulder of the impertinent questioner.

"Shut up!" roared an angry voice in his

ear. "How dare you ask questions about an army order?"

"Why, Captain," whined the curious man, "h'ain't we got any rights?"

"Shut your mouth!" said the Captain. "Dan, if you're all ready, you may march! Don't linger here a moment."

"All ready, Captain Martin," replied Dan. "I'm off!"

The weaknesses of some men will stick to them like so many burrs in their hair, that can't be combed out. Even after his rebuke, Mr. Inquisitiveness turned away shaking his head and grumbling:

"Na-ow, ef I could ketch Dan anywheres, I'd jest make him tell. All of us fellers has a right to know what this 'ere army's goin' to do next."

"In some other armies he'd be shot before sundown for trying to find out!" followed him sharply from Captain Martin, but that body of patriots had not yet been brought under so severe a discipline.

What a tremendous and perpetual council of war General Ward might have had, to help him lose everything, if all his plans and pur-

poses were to have been known and discussed beforehand by twenty thousand men! And it might be said that not quite all of them were fitted for the supreme command and that some of them had not learned the first duty of a soldier.

Dan went unarmed, not even carrying his drum, and he had one small paper which he did not at first need to hide. It was a pass which would prevent his being interrupted by any American sentry or patrol and he needed to show it twice before he reached the Malden ferry over the Mystic River. Beyond that there was no American army.

Just above the ferry there was an island and at no great distance below the river began to widen. It continued to do so until it became a broad bay, and Dan knew that all that water was patrolled by the enemy and was also under the guns which had been mounted upon the Charlestown hills. It was much safer for him, therefore, after crossing the ferry, and a shorter cut in the end, to make his way inland far enough to avoid several inlets which set in from the shore between the ferry and Winnissamet and the highway from Boston to

Salem and Marblehead. He and Polly and Nat Harrington had once landed from one of those inlets, and now a man at the ferry had told him that the British had not left one boat in the Mystic, above Charlestown Neck. This was what Dan had been expecting, and he said to himself:

"I guess that's all right. If they know there isn't any boat around of any kind, maybe they won't be lookin' out for one quite so sharp."

He was also recalling to mind a dense group of alders, and how curiously well a canoe had been hidden among them by a Narragansett squaw.

"I don't believe anybody found it," he said. "When I got away a little and looked back, it just wasn't there. Hidin' takes an Injin!"

He had several miles to walk, but he was in no hurry, for he was more than willing to let the rest of that afternoon get away from him. It was still daylight, a good deal too much of it, when he again came cautiously down to the shore and peered out upon the water.

"There isn't a British boat to be seen on the river," he was thinking. "I guess I'll eat my

supper right here, among these trees, before I hunt for the canoe. Wonder if it's safe to go to that house an' get a drink o' milk."

He was looking at a respectable, well-built farmhouse, at no great distance from the shore, and it was quite reasonable to suppose that its occupants were patriots. That, however, was a point for prudent consideration, and Dan was pondering it, all the while well hidden among the trees, when he suddenly darted back behind one of the biggest of these, exclaiming:

"Hullo! Boats! Two of 'em. Hitched at the stakes. Pretty good-sized ones. Oars in 'em, too. I guess I'd better hold on an' keep still. There's a good spring, right here, an' water's as good as milk, sometimes."

He had cold rations in his knapsack and when he sat down to eat them he was as perfectly concealed as if Polly herself had put him in that cover. He had as yet seen no human beings, at the house or on the shore, and he was feeling quite well contented with his situation. The shadows he was hoping for were deepening and he more than once asserted his ability to paddle a canoe all night

and all the next day and run it fast, too. Nevertheless, when his supper was eaten and his knapsack slung again, it was on his hands and knees that he crept out for another look at the house and at the boats.

"There! I see 'em!" he exclaimed, in a whisper. "Soldiers! Redcoats! They've stacked their muskets in front of the house. There must be a dozen of 'em. Now, what am I to do?"

He could now also see one man who had been concealed from him by a tree at first; a sentry, posted to watch the boats; and at the house he saw women and men who were not in uniform, going out and in. Then the truth of the case slowly dawned upon him. The American occupants of that farmhouse were Tories and here was one of the outposts of the British army. The boats on the shore were patrol boats, and therefore there was a sufficiently strong detachment of King George's troops between him and all the rest of his errand.

It looked, at first sight, as if he were in a fair way to be defeated, but then more encouraging ideas began to come to him. Right here

was one good reason for expecting that the water out yonder would now be found clear of his enemies. This lot of patrols was out of his way, if he could manage to make a start before they did. He believed that he could, and not one pair of eyes was looking out for him when he went forward along the thick cover of a bush-bordered rail fence. At the end of that, however, at the corner of the field, he came to a narrow road leading from the house to the river, and here all his means for concealment appeared to be getting away from him. Up yonder was what seemed to him to have grown into a large and dangerous wing of General Gage's army, sent to intercept him, as if that watchful commander had been informed beforehand that he was to be looked for at this point, laden with treasonable despatches. Down there in full view paced back and forth the sentry in charge of the boats, and he carried a musket with a fixed bayonet.

"I s'pose he'd stick that thing right into me, and hardly wait to see what I was here for," thought Dan. "They're kind o' reckless."

The men at the house were laughing and

chatting merrily. They appeared to be in no hurry to leave it or to get out of the way of General Ward's hidden messenger. One of them even walked all the way down to a boat and back again, on some errand or other, passing within a few feet of Dan's not very perfect place of concealment. He felt as if it were no hiding place at all when that redcoat stood still for a moment in the road and looked warily, suspiciously, about him. He may have had inward reasons for so doing, since more than one of the small detachments from his army had already been caught and caged by the Americans and some of them had received rough treatment, in revenge for the doings of themselves or their comrades.

"I don't know exactly what to do," thought Dan. "What on earth made those fellows come ashore right here? Why didn't they go somewhere else? There are plenty of other landings, all along shore."

A great shout of soldier merriment from the house appeared to come as a sort of sarcastic answer to his forlorn question and he lay very still indeed while he repeated it:

"What on earth shall I do next?"

CHAPTER FOURTH

DANGEROUS CRUISING

At the close of that beautiful summer day the sun went down through a rapidly deepening bank of clouds. He was therefore unable to throw any light upon the affairs of two of the most sincere upholders of the cause of American liberty. Both of them were greatly in need of light to go on by, but there were wide differences in the nature of the difficulties in their respective cases.

General George Washington, at the end of his day's ride, was conducted to an elegant mansion where the most cordial welcome awaited him and where he was surrounded by a throng of the most ardent patriots of New Jersey. He and his escort had been pushing along, all day, upon a road which he was destined to travel, some years later, at the head of a veteran army of Americans and Frenchmen which was on its march to Yorktown, Virginia. That was yet in the far future,

altogether undreamed of, and this evening his first business, after dinner, was to get an opportunity for a more perfect reading of his advices from Bunker Hill. He had also to consider what he could do in the course of the journey which lay before him on the morrow. Long pauses anywhere were out of the question. He could only touch the great province of New York, leaving there General Schuyler to deal with its dangerous tribes of red men and its even more dangerous tribes of Tories. And yet it was on Manhattan island, or New York, and in its vicinity, that he was shortly to do some of his hardest fighting, suffer some of his worst defeats and at last tire out the British army.

Washington's long ride would then take him through Connecticut and Rhode Island and all the while he would be well aware that one of his greatest difficulties had been left behind him in Philadelphia. He had been a member of what was called the Continental Congress long enough to understand perfectly how little it was likely to do, right away, for him or for his army. He knew beforehand that its lack of power rather than lack of will

would surely give him more trouble than even the British troops under General Gage.

The other and much the younger of the two patriots, lying behind the fence at a little distance from the shore of the Mystic River, was glad to have the sun get out of sight. The clouds were just what he was wishing for and his spirits rose as the sky darkened. They had been running low for a while and he had begun to feel doubtful as to the future of the entire army, especially of this expedition commanded by himself.

Waiting, almost motionless there in his cover was dreadfully wearisome business, but all of a sudden he drew a long breath and cowered lower, more cautiously among his grass and weeds. Somebody at the house, probably an officer, blew a long, shrill whistle that seemed to have a signal in it, for immediately the sentry at the boats shouldered his musket and marched away up the road toward the house.

"I guess it called him to supper," said Dan to himself. "But another chap just as bad for me'll be sent in his place."

So it would have been, according to ordi-

nary military usage, and the relief ought to have been sent instead of the whistle, but there was really no possible danger coming by way of the river, and sometimes an outlying patrol party will fall short of the strictest discipline in its direction.

Right past Dan's hiding place, looking neither to the right nor left as he went, strode the relieved sentry with a supper before him. He had not gone by a great many paces before, like a snake in a hurry, Dan was gliding across the road and between the lower rails of the fence on the opposite side. Then he was on his feet, crouching but running. He did not so much as give a glance behind him, for he was whispering, anxiously:

"Oh, I wonder if that old canoe is really there. If it isn't,—Oh!"

That last "Oh!" was somewhat like a groan, and it meant a great deal.

In two minutes more he was wading out through the flags and alders and he came very near letting out a dangerous yell instead of the low whistle of delight with which he put a hand upon the birchbark and stepped over into Polly's canoe, picking up a paddle as he

did so. Then he had to sit down and breathe hard and consider the state of his affairs as prudently as George Washington himself was doing, in the far away New Jersey mansion and with as much uncertainty before him.

"I must get out of this, right away," he muttered. "I guess I can paddle off without being seen, unless the new sentry has come. If he has, he'd be pretty sure to send a bullet after me."

Not only would he do that, but also there would be a prompt pursuit and a sure capture, with all the bad consequences to follow. Dan's heart was therefore beating hard when the nose of his canoe shot out into open water and he could look in the direction of the boats.

There they were, and once more he came very near shouting, for they were all alone and no sentry was in sight. They were good-looking boats, planned for four oars each, and they lay there rocking lazily, as if, like the soldiers at the house, they felt altogether secure from any attack by the wicked rebels.

"Hullo!" thought Dan. "They ain't hauled up on shore. They're only just hitched. —I can unhitch 'em!"

It was a daring idea which had bubbled up in his mind and made his eyes flash in that way. Only a few strokes of his paddle were required to bring the canoe alongside of them. The rope painters by which they were secured were only hooked to staples in each boat, and a quick touch unhooked them. Next thing, the hooks were at the stern of the canoe and it was gently gliding away with both of those boats in tow. Every second of time was of value, considering how far a musket would carry, and Dan worked desperately until he and his prizes were well out in the stream. Off went the hooks then and the British army in that farmhouse was without a navy.

"No use to take 'em any further," said Dan, as they floated away. "I haven't been seen yet. The tide's turnin' to run up the Mystic and it'll take 'em all the way to the Malden ferry, if nobody stops 'em. Our men up there are just in need of some more good boats."

The prow of his canoe was now turned in the opposite direction and he was paddling as industriously as ever, hugging closely the northerly shore of the bay and ready to push for the land at any moment and get away into

the country if he were pursued. It was well that he did so, for hardly had he made a fairly safe distance, so that the trees and bushes along shore aided in concealing his whereabouts, before there were loud, angry voices at the landing he had left and a number of men in red uniforms were there, so bewildered at the disappearance of their boats that some of them turned to see if their missing craft might not have run away up the road. The fact was that there had been no intention of merely changing sentries, but rather of the going of the entire squad.

"Lieutenant," shouted one of them, "there they are, sor! Oot yon! It's the divil himself tuk 'em from us. Yiz nadent till me they onhitched thimsilves. Niver wan boat in all the worruld did thot!"

"Yankee devils, then!" roared the officer. "They had their scouts along the river. Men! Back to the house! Look to your primings! We don't know what's coming. We may be surrounded."

His soldier instincts led him to prepare for an immediate brush with some enemy or other, and that was the reason why there was no

search made for Dan, out upon the water. He and his men hurried back to the house, which might serve them as a kind of temporary fort, and all the way they were loudly discussing the unpleasant plight they were in, with American riflemen probably so near, and without any means for getting away.

The tide was not running fast but it had strength enough to take the boats with it, and they appeared to go quite willingly. At the same time it was no great hindrance to the working of the canoe, and this was making good headway. It was soon apparently safe from immediate pursuit, and after it had passed the mouth of one small inlet Dan felt in no hurry whatever. He could even pause and rest and look away at the fortifications which the British had made upon Charlestown hills, to protect them from any such attack as had been proposed by Colonel Prescott. There were a great many interesting thoughts connected in his mind with those low hills. After that his gaze turned southward toward some black objects which lay upon the water between him and Boston.

"British ships o' war," he said. "I'll have

to look out for 'em. I guess I'd better get away in behind 'em an' paddle close along the shore o' Noddle's Island. They won't be watchin' sharp there."

He added that there the bay was from one and a half to three miles wide, so that he would have plenty of room to cruise around in. He did not know how much time had gone by when he reached the island, but it was quite dark, the ships had hung out lanterns in their rigging and he had paddled several miles.

"Those lanterns are just the thing for me," he thought. "They'll help me keep out o' their reach. What I'm afraid of is boats."

Another hour or so went by, and now the most perilous part of his adventure was right before him. How on earth was he to slip unobserved along the north shore of the Boston peninsula, through the narrow strait between that and Charlestown? He knew that the old ferry there was now an army affair and that many boats were constantly plying to and fro. Cruisers were also anchored in that vicinity and in any kind of naval combat their guns would surely be too much for him.

"I guess they couldn't hit me in the dark," he muttered, "but I just do wish it'd come on a little darker."

The manner in which he was plying his paddle testified to the strong desire he felt to get out of so dangerous a neighborhood, but not many minutes more had passed when he uttered a sharp exclamation.

"This is awful!" he said. "Here they come!"

Heavy drops of rain were beginning to patter down around him, but he was not referring to them nor to the flashes of lightning which were making fire-streaks through the gloom, nor to the angry mutterings of thunder which told of the storm that was coming. All this was about what he had been hoping for, but his eyes had caught glimpses of other things which might be worse for him than thunder, lightning and rain.

Away behind him he had seen what must be a boat lantern, and it was coming rapidly nearer. It was British, of course. Not quite so far ahead of him he now saw another similar light, racing from the opposite direction as if the crew of some boat were in a hurry to

get out of the rain. Worse yet! Across from where might be the old Charlestown ferry came the moving gleam of a third boat lantern, as if it were hunting him.

"Oh," groaned Dan, hopelessly, "I can't get away from all of 'em!"

It looked a great deal like a pretty well set trap, set by the storm and the circumstances, and the aspect of his affairs was bad indeed. He surely could not have escaped if there had not arrived, as to many another great commander on great battlefields, a deliverance engineered by unexpected occurrences and by the enemy. Whenever that happens, as all readers of history know, the successful general gets the credit of whatever came to surprise him and give him a victory.

On dashed the boats, their lanterns becoming more plainly visible in spite of the mist and rain, and which way it was best for Dan to steer he could not so much as guess. Therefore he ceased paddling and was lying still when the nearest of them was within fifty feet of him and the others not much further.

"I guess they haven't seen me," he was thinking. "They may pass——"

He could hear the words: "Spy-boat!" — "Yankee scout!" — "Catch him!" — "Shoot him!" — *Page 83.*

He was right enough, for his presence had not been suspected, but at this very instant there came a long, glimmering, all-pervading flash of lightning, which made everything on that patch of water startlingly visible. He could distinctly see the soldiers and sailors in the British boats and they could as distinctly see him. Three choruses of shouts and yells burst forth and among them he could hear the words: "Spy-boat!"—"Yankee scout!"—"Catch him!"—"Shoot him!"—"Hang him!"—"Don't let him get away!"

Rolling and stunning was the next peal of thunder, and the rain fell in an overwhelming deluge. The darkness was as black as ink at the moment when Dan grasped his paddle and began to ply it almost convulsively, but he steered westward because that was his intended way.

All that he could have done would have been in vain but for the masterstroke made for America by that downfall of patriotic rainwater. It dashed out the light of the lantern in the boat from Charlestown, and the larger boat from Boston ran crashing into the stern of its fellow cruiser. There were loud

yells then, and the third boat tangled its oars with those of the rest in an over-hasty effort to ascertain what had happened and to save the pieces, if there were any. Commands and, with them, sharp criticisms in the British sailor tongue poured out like the rain itself, but all the while Dan and his canoe were speeding away into the dark. When the tangle was over and his enemies were free to search for him, it was of small use for one of them to be pulled swiftly away in the wrong direction while another, badly overcrowded with red coats and blue, was towing its leaky companion to the Boston shore. Dan was very wet, but he had escaped.

"That must be the light on Barton's Point," he said. "If that's so, I've only four or five miles to go. There's another ship out yonder, but the lookout can't see me and I guess I won't run too close to the shore."

The shore he was speaking of was the reedy western edge of Boston, along by the Common and toward the burying ground. No heavy ships were likely to put in there, for lack of water, and the patrols to be dreaded were all on land instead of out upon the sea. He did

indeed see a number of boat-lights, after the worst of the storm swept by and the air began to clear a little, but he was showing no lantern of his own for any other crew to find him by. The lights of the town and of its camps and forts were near and were plain enough, but there was no danger in them, although General Gage and his army were keeping up a sleepless watch against any midnight surprise party of the enterprising New England militia.

Dan was beginning to feel more than a little weary and was wishing that he knew where his pulling had brought him, when he became suddenly aware that the bottom of his canoe was grating upon gravel.

"Out as far as this?" he exclaimed. "Oh, I know, now. It's the long point this side o' the graveyard. That light out there must be on Fox Hill Island. Now I know where I am. We hid the canoe right in yonder, the other time, and it's pretty nigh the best place for me to land."

What he did not know was that he had made one more narrow escape, for there was a British fort on the island and an earthwork

not far ahead of him on the right, at the head of Frog Lane and bordering on the cemetery. When he reached a place that suited his notions it was easy to run in among the rushes and hide his canoe, but after that the only thing that protected him was the darkness and the fact that the British general had failed to post any of his sentries among the tombs. There was nothing to prevent him from getting in among these and slipping along from shadow to shadow and then out across Common Street. He was now actually in the town and far inside of the closely watched army lines, but his difficulties were by no means ended, for he was well aware that stringent orders forbade the citizens of Boston venturing out of their houses at such a late hour of the night. Any of them found in a street contrary to the military regulations might be pretty sure of arrest and a locking up in some guardhouse. That would have been a bad lodging place for a spy of General Ward, with treasonable correspondence in his possession.

Dan Monroe was not now upon any street, but away back in the rear of houses, creeping stealthily from yard to yard and especially

well pleased that he was not encountering any watch dogs or stirring up their music.

"Just one cur a-barkin'," he remarked, "might fetch 'em after me."

He came to a fence, over which he peered cautiously for a full minute before he began to climb over it, muttering:

"I know. It's Winter Street. Over yonder is Friend Willis's house. I guess I can get there without bein' seen. Then I won't go in at the front. I'd better go away around to the back door. None of 'em are up."

He had almost reached the vine-clad stoop at the rear entrance of the Willis place when he held back for a moment as if considering something.

"That's so!" he said. "I wonder what on earth any of 'em are up for. I can see little glimmers through the chinks in the shutters. I ain't half sure I didn't hear somebody talkin'."

He kept still enough himself for a moment, and then he added:

"It's what the British call a nest o' treason. Most likely it's one o' the houses they keep a watch on. I guess if there's any treason goin'

on to-night, they wouldn't open the door. No, I'll walk right in!"

For an absolute wonder, he found that the door was unlocked and that the latch lifted freely. Open it came and in he stepped, to be almost instantly greeted by loud screams from female voices and by a volley of startled exclamations in gruffer tones, all around the room.

"You needn't be so scared, Mrs. Willis," he said. "I'm only Dan Monroe——"

"Dan!" she shouted. "How did you ever get into Boston? What on earth did you come for? Why, this is the Committee——"

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "That's what I thought it was. They needn't be scared, either. I'm come on an errand from somebody to Mr. Willis. Maybe part of it is to some o' the Committee."

"Speak it right out, Dan," said Friend Willis. "Every man here is likely to be hanged for too much loyalty to King George. I am."

Dan noticed that Friend Willis was in full Quaker uniform, as if to advertise in that way the fact that he did not belong to any army,

and he must have known what sort of men were in his house. An older and more careful spy might have hesitated, even then, but Dan did not, and the patriots present were promptly put in possession of the despatches from the American generals, some of which contained the precise information that their enemies would have been glad to obtain. For instance, they might have wished to know all the recent proceedings in the Congress at Philadelphia, and how the other Colonies were promising to send on troops, and how and where the new rebel earthworks were going up. Dan himself learned several things while those papers were being read, for one of them named the man who was expected to command the American army.

Altogether the longest string of questions that Dan had to answer related to the killed and wounded on Bunker Hill—who had fallen and who had not. Then another hour went by while they questioned him as to all the incidents of the battle. There were bitter expressions of grief and wrath as he went on, for he seemed to have learned all that story by heart and it included sad tidings concerning

friends and relatives of those who were hearing it now. He was surprised to find how little really accurate or trustworthy information had been permitted to get out through the British army to the ears of the people of Boston. They had watched the fighting on the Charlestown hills from a distance; they had heard the cannonading; they had seen the British troops recoil twice and then succeed, and beyond that they knew hardly anything.

The night was going, now, and Dan actually fell asleep in his chair while all the earnest talk was buzzing around him. If he had been awake, he might have obtained still further information concerning the completeness with which the people of Boston were caged and suppressed by the military regulations of General Gage. Also that the members of the Committee appeared to know more of what was going on in Europe than in any part of America. They had read the debates in the English House of Commons, but not those of the Continental Congress. The latter, indeed, were not at that date fully reported or printed and most of them are lost to history. It also came out, however, that very accurate state-

ments had been prepared of the number and character of the British forces, their guns, fortifications, made or making, as well as a number of other communications which they and others wished to convey to their friends beyond the carefully guarded lines. It looked as if any postboy who proposed making his way through would have all the mail he could conveniently carry. There would be more of it than could be stuck under his belt.

Dan was waked up, at last, but it was only to be sent to bed, that he might recover from the fatigue of his long, hard paddling in the Bay. He was not disturbed at the ordinary breakfast time, and even if he had been he could not have heard the remarks which were being made about him at several other places. One of these which he could not easily have imagined was at the headquarters of the British commanding general. There was at that place a gathering which looked much like a council of war which had important problems under consideration.

"General Howe," remarked General Gage, in reply to a sort of dissatisfied growl from his subordinate, "you are right as to the defective

character of all the information we are obtaining. Our spies do not bring in anything of value. Do you know what has become of that old Quaker from Lexington and the sharp boy that was with him? They seem to have been not only trusty, but intelligent."

"Every smallest thing they told me," replied General Howe, "turned out to be accurately correct. The advice the old Quaker gave was unquestionably good, and we lost many men by not following some of it. The boy gave the only perfect relation we have had of the whole Concord affair. I wish I could see either of them to-day and know what the rebels are doing."

"You won't see the old Quaker again," said an officer sitting near him.

"Why not, Pigot?" asked General Gage.

"That's one thing I did not think of mentioning," replied Pigot. "I found him lying dead just inside the redoubt on Breed's Hill, when I went in. The boy and an Indian squaw were with him. He must have carried on his spy business a little too recklessly, and one of our shots hit him."

"He paid for his loyalty with his life!"

exclaimed General Howe. "Do you know what became of them? Did they follow the Yankees after the battle? The Quaker's boy and the squaw?"

"No," said General Pigot. "I looked back and saw them going over the breastwork and on into our lines, on their way to Boston. It's likely they're in the town now. They may have reasons for not daring to venture out among the enemy."

"We must try to find that boy, if we can," said General Howe. "Of course he is here, whether the squaw is or not. He may already know something, for the Quaker was in full communication with the rebels here."

A number of other things were said and the British generals appeared to be almost as much interested in the possible whereabouts of Dan Monroe as were the good people at a quiet breakfast table in Lexington.

"We-ell," said one of them, "you're his mother, but I don't believe you're half so anxious about him as I am. I'd give a'most anything to know just where he is, this blessed minute."

"So would I, Dorothy," sighed Mrs. Mon-

roe. "Oh, Dan, my son! My son! How I do want to see you!"

He was a young patriot in whom a number of important persons were taking extraordinary interest. For Captain Nathan Hale had just returned to General Putnam's headquarters from a visit he had made to Captain Martin.

"I think it's all right, General," he reported, "he hasn't been seen since he left. He must have found his boat and he had the darkest kind of night to get through in."

"If he didn't succeed," said Putnam, "I fear we may never find out what became of him. Their patrols'd make short work of one of our scout boats on the water. They'd shoot him and say nothing about it."

"Thank God it was so dark!" exclaimed Captain Hale.

CHAPTER FIFTH

THE CAPTURED SPY

General Washington had fine summer weather for his long ride and for the enthusiastic welcomes which were everywhere given him. Many of his admirers, however, clearly expressed their idea that he was only a peculiar kind of English officer, of colonial appointment to the command of provincial troops. It was manifest that these excellent men and women had as yet formed no expectation of a permanent separation from the old country for which they still had so strong an affection. To his own clear mind it was evident that such a conflict as this in which he was to lead could not possibly end in anything else than American independence, but the right time had not come for him to openly make such a declaration. To have done so prematurely might have turned a great many half-awakened patriots into active Tories, and he held his peace. It is worth while to note,

however, that his real opinions appeared quite plainly, not many weeks later, in his correspondence with General Gage as well as with some of his fellow citizens.

Washington's first important interchange of notes with the British general was to be with reference to the treatment of prisoners, and there were not many of these yet, on either side, unless the whole population of Boston were to be considered as in some sort prisoners of war. One of them, at least, woke up toward noon, after a long night boat ride in a rain, with a vivid conviction that he was in a kind of military cage.

"Here I am!" he said. "I'm glad I got through with the despatches and that I had 'em covered up so't they didn't get wet enough to hurt 'em. But I guess there's no tellin' when or how I'm to get out."

He went downstairs to his breakfast and was told how difficult it was for even well-to-do men like Friend Willis to get enough to eat. The very poor were having hard times, and numbers of them were dependent upon scantily doled out army rations. Mrs. Willis herself told him a score of sad stories concern-

ing the troubles of helpless people in a besieged town, and said that liberty was going to cost a great deal to some folks who had never agreed to pay anything at all for it.

After that, Friend Willis took him into a corner and told him a long list of things which were not very encouraging. With them, however, was a pretty full account of the mail which he might carry out,—if he could,—but the good Quaker expressed his opinion that an escape would be altogether impossible unless Dan could obtain the aid of the darkest kind of night to paddle home in.

Dan was already dolefully aware of that fact, and he walked out of the house and away on into the town entirely absorbed in thinking of it.

"Hardly anybody here knows me," he was thinking, "and if anybody does I don't care. Glad I'm nothing but a boy——"

"Hullo, there, boy!" came to his ears at that moment, in a loud, stern voice, from a mounted officer who was reining his horse toward him at the roadside. "Halt! You are Dan Monroe! Where are you from?"

"Boston, your Excellency," hastily re-

sponded Dan, "but I ain't livin' anywhere in particular. Ford Fenner's dead."

"I know that," replied the officer, "but you remember me. I want you now, to march straight to the headquarters of General Gage. Say I sent you. Don't try to get away, for we can find you."

"Well, Major Lawrence," said Dan, with a cool courage that did him credit, "I don't want to run away, but I haven't any ducks or chickens for the General this time."

"He'd like well enough to have you bring him some," laughed the Major, "but you'll have to answer a few questions before he lets go of you."

"I'll tell him all I know," said Dan, "but I guess it won't amount to much. I couldn't find out what old Ford Fenner could. He knew about everything."

"That's so," responded the Major. "He was a very useful man. He was one of the best spies we ever had. And he did bring in the right sort of poultry along with his news. Sorry he's dead."

He added directions for finding the headquarters, and Dan marched away. The officer

looked after him for a moment and then wheeled his horse.

"It won't do!" he said. "I ought to know if he speaks to anybody before he gets there. He's as sharp as a needle."

Therefore, riding slowly at a short distance, he did not lose sight of his young prisoner, for that was what Dan had become, until he saw him safely led into an anteroom at the quarters, with an armed sentry posted at the door. All along the streets as he went, it had been growing upon Dan that he had suddenly become of greater importance than he had at all expected. He had not dreamed that British officers of the highest rank would take any especial interest in him. He felt his new elevation even more acutely, not many minutes later, when he was led out of that into a larger room where the commanding general and some other great men were puzzling their wise heads over the military situation. The timely discovery of Dan had already been announced, and the first words that were spoken to him came from the General himself.

"Dan Monroe," he said, "what are you in Boston for? How did you get in?"

"I came to tell some of Ford Fenner's friends, the Quakers, that he's dead an' they must see about his property, for he left a lot of it, an' to tell Mrs. Allen that her husband was killed in the battle. There were some others that were killed an' some that were only wounded——"

"That will do!" interrupted the General, half angrily. "But you didn't answer all of my question. How did you get into the town?"

"Oh," said Dan. "That was easy enough. I just paddled right across the bay. Nobody said a word. Guess they thought it wasn't worth while. I didn't carry any gun. Never did. I wasn't busy on your army matters."

"I declare!" exclaimed General Gage. "That's the way my orders are obeyed! The patrols are worthless! Why, you young fool, didn't you know that you might be shot, coming or going, or that you might be taken for a spy and hung?"

"I guess not," said Dan, coolly. "Why, your Excellency, Ford Fenner went through the lines o' both armies, again and again, and brought back to you all the news there was. I

was with him twice and I heard him make his report. They never touched us. But there isn't much worth telling, now."

"He is entirely correct about his former coming and going," said General Howe, thoughtfully. "He may be able to tell us some things. We must make use of him. He could not possibly report anything injurious from this side. Dan, if you were questioned by the rebels, what would you say?"

Dan was silent for a moment before he responded:

"I guess they won't care to ask. I could tell 'em I saw you, but they all know you're here. They have telescopes, too——"

"Done!" exclaimed General Gage. "All he could tell wouldn't be worth a shilling to them. On the other hand, we can safely give him something to deliver for us. We can arrange for him to go out at night, as if he were escaping from us. Now, Monroe, answer me a few questions as well as you can. What forts are they making, beyond Charlestown Neck?"

Dan knew, from past experience and in-

structions, that General Ward would not care how high he piled his descriptions of fortifications, and he proceeded to give an amount and kind of information that altogether astonished his hearers.

"Just as I said!" exclaimed Major Lawrence, who had come in while Dan was making his replies. "He's as sharp as a needle and he has the best pair of eyes I ever saw. That's why old Fenner used to take him along."

"His observations are certainly good, for one of his age," said General Gage. "Monroe, can you tell me who is in actual command of the rebel army? Has there been any change? We heard that there might be, soon."

"Not yet, I guess," said Dan, "but everybody knows what's goin' to be done. They told me that the Congress would elect Colonel George Washington of Virginia, the Injin fighter, an' he's comin' on pretty soon to take command instead o' General Ward——"

"George Washington!" exclaimed the General, excitedly. The unexpected tidings was echoed by voice after voice all around the

room and men turned to look at one another and shake their heads ominously.

"The hero of Fort Necessity and of Braddock's defeat!" continued the General, after a pause. "Gentlemen, the rebels have more sense than I gave them credit for. They are going to bring out their best man against us. My boy, this is important news, whether you knew it or not. Now, you may answer a few more questions and then you may go until nine o'clock to-night. Keep out of sight as much as you can. It was a boy's blunder on your part to go wandering around the town. You ought to have come right here and reported to me."

"I didn't know that, your Excellency," said Dan. "I hadn't anything else to do and I was glad to see Major Lawrence, whether I had any poultry for him or not. I guess there isn't much comin' in, just now."

"'Pon my soul, I wish we had some!" growled the General. "We can hardly make out to set a respectable mess table What's more, we're not likely to get anything better very soon, if that fox from Virginia is to be here to watch us. He'll be worth more to the

rebels than ten regiments of militia and a whole tribe of Indians."

There were other remarks made, of a kind to inform Dan that his new general had a high reputation among British military men as well as throughout the colonies. There was more than one man present who had served with him, and upon whom he had made the strong impression of personal character which had made the members of the Congress at Philadelphia turn to him with one accord when the time came for them to select a leader. As for Dan himself, he was exceedingly glad to get out of that place, and he did so, feeling as if he had been in a den full of British lions who had mistaken him for another Daniel and had therefore kindly restrained themselves from biting his head off. It was on his shoulders as yet, for he felt of it and was sure it was there. In it, moreover, was quite enough of good sense to send him to Friend Willis's as straight as he could go.

"Good luck!" shouted the Quaker, when he heard the singular story that Dan had to tell him. "Who will dare to say that God Almighty is not helping the cause of liberty!

Why, Dan, the papers are here, all ready for you if you can take them. But that's the question. What on earth'll you do about it? The British will be with you when you set out, if you are to carry anything for them. They won't lose sight of you for a moment."

"Well," said Dan, thoughtfully, "I guess they ought to be put into some good hiding-place, down near the water, where I can find 'em. It wouldn't do to put 'em into the canoe, right away. If we can do that, I guess I'll find out what to do, when it comes night."

"That'll do," said Friend Willis, "but one trouble is that I daren't keep 'em here in the house. I've been searched three times, from cellar to garret. So have other houses of our folks, again and again, and nobody knows at what hour they might come for another search."

"Then the quicker I get out with 'em the better!" exclaimed Dan. "I've thought o' somethin'. I can cut it down to the river and back before any o' General Gage's men'll be huntin' for me."

He was only half right about that, for more than one agent of the British Empire had been

on the lookout for him within ten minutes after his departure from the headquarters. It had even been declared a grave mistake of men who were over-busy with other affairs that he had not been locked up until the time for sending him out upon his errand. Not only should he have been kept where hands might be laid upon him, but he ought to have had no opportunity given him for further communication with the pestilent rebels of Boston.

"He is only a boy," remarked one officer, acutely, "and he's just the fellow they might try to make some use of. He ought to be thoroughly searched before he gets away—and his boat, too."

"All that will be attended to," replied General Gage. "Up to this time, however, he has done very well for us and I think he will, now. But I am particularly interested in this bit of information concerning the appointment of Colonel Washington to command those fellows out yonder."

The men who were hunting for Dan were altogether too late and had not gone at once to the right place. Friend Willis produced his

bundle of dangerous mail, the precise thing that General Gage would have been glad to capture, and in a minute more Dan was on his way, following his old path behind the houses. After that it was the simplest thing in the world to slip along among the tombstones and reach the water's edge, but he did not go too near the place where he had left his canoe. It was better to go on to a bushy point, further along the shore toward Fox Hill Island and to conceal his bundle carefully under a heap of brushwood and dry flags. He had done so and was hurrying away, feeling a great deal better, when he saw something very interesting.

"There they are!" he said to himself. "I told 'em where I left the canoe and they found it, right away. Now, what are they goin' to do with it? If they steal it, I can't get away."

The squad of searchers sent to examine the birchbark in which Dan had eluded the patrol boats did not intend to take it away from him. They said some angry things concerning the ridiculous fact that it was there, in spite of so much watchfulness along the lines, but their

present duty was only to make sure that it did not contain any treason against the king nor anything which might imperil his garrison of Boston. They did indeed look in several directions for its owner, but he was not to be seen. Then they marched away, without the least idea that they had been anxiously watched from behind one of the largest and oldest tombstones in that colony and by one of the sharpest pairs of eyes in the American army.

"Good!" exclaimed Dan. "Guess I know what to do, to-night."

His first business was to get back to the Willis place for supper, but the foxy old Quaker had been preparing something more than that for him, and it was of an altogether unexpected character. He brought out another bundle of papers which bore a strong resemblance to the one which Dan had been hiding under the rushes.

"Take this, Daniel, my son," he said, with a grim smile on his face. "I will tell thee what it is. It containeth full maps and diagrams of the new works and old which have been built or are now building by the British

on the Charlestown Heights or anywhere else. They are good copies of some which are in the other bundle which I gave thee. Also, there are full statements of their killed and wounded and a fairly correct muster roll of all their forces. With these are a number of other things, some of which are copies while some are not. The fact is, Daniel, my son, that here is a vast amount of valuable information which the British authorities have already, but which it may do them good to read at headquarters. It will not grieve us overmuch if they should capture it."

"Hurrah!" shouted Dan. "I see! It's just the kind of information old Ford Fenner used to bring 'em. I've heard him."

"It is well for thee to go right along, now," said Friend Willis. "Go to thy friend the good general, whom we all love so much. Thee may tell him about this, but thou wilt not take it with thee. It will be handed to thee by a man whom thou wilt not know. Sit thou still here for a bit. He will be waiting for thee on the corner of Summer Street, and thou wilt not speak to him nor will he speak to thee."

Dan chuckled all over, for it began to look as if after all there might be something like fun in the spy business, with the help of an old joker like Friend Willis. Nevertheless, his undertaking was growing more and more perilous at every successive step, and he went out of the house with a beating heart, after the few minutes of waiting prescribed to him. He walked slowly and he wished the evening had been darker, for such a deep and awful conspiracy as he was in. When he reached the corner of Summer Street, however, he did not have to look around him for a moment. It was as if somebody had followed him barefooted and silently, for a hand was on his shoulder and a low, hoarse voice was whispering in his ear:

"Put 'em under thy coat and race it for Gage's quarters. Tell him they were given thee by a member of the Committee."

Dan turned and gave him one glance, to discover that his face was hidden by a red bandanna handkerchief, and then he darted forward. Perhaps the very haste he made was a protection to him for he reached the quarters without any interruption. There was a guard

there to stop him, of course, but near him stood an officer, who instantly exclaimed:

"Pass him, guard! I must take him in at once. The General's orders."

So he did, in a hurry, but as he and Dan appeared in the doorway of the inner office and Dan held up the parcel, the General stood up and put a finger on his lips, for there were others present, and here might be a matter which ought not to be known by everybody.

"Captain," he said, "bring him into the other room. General Pigot, you come with me. That young catamount has found something."

In they went and it was not at all necessary for Dan to do any lying when he found himself face to face with those two men, either of whom had power to have ordered him shot in five minutes. All he had to do was to deliver his supposed prize and to report, with perfect confidence:

"There, your Excellency! I guess you'll want to read 'em. They were handed to me in the street by a man who said he was a member of the Committee. His face was covered

and I can't guess who he was. I never saw him before and I came right straight here."

General Gage tore off the outer envelope of the parcel and began to examine the contents, handing some of them to his friend, and as they began to read their faces began to redden.

"Pigot," exclaimed General Gage, "the young scamp has done a good thing for us. He's worth his weight in gold. If Colonel Washington is coming, here are the very things he would like to have. How the rebels of Boston have searched and counted! Plans of fortifications. Guns. Camps. Numbers of every corps. Loads of other things. Good heavens, what impudence! If the mutinous rascals haven't put in their individual opinions of every general among us—and some of the other officers. Read that!"

"I've some pretty good things right here," said Pigot, and for some reason or other he burst into a roar of laughter.

"Well," said General Gage, "they seem to have a pretty good opinion of you, but, oh, how they have spit out their venom against me! Look at that caricature—and at this one!"

Whoever had helped Friend Willis put up that parcel had fun in him and also some skill as a comic artist. Probably never before had the British commanding general received quite so full and bitter a dose of the estimate in which he was held by the Bostonians. His face reddened and paled repeatedly as he read on, and he looked altogether as if he were mentally getting ready to shoot somebody. Of course he could have no ill will for Dan on this account. On the contrary, he was prepared to express with furious emphasis his thanks to the faithful, skillful spy who had prevented all this stuff from reaching the American commander, whether his name was Artemus Ward or George Washington.

The two generals completed their examination of the captured papers, and then it was time for Dan to receive his new instructions. With them came a parcel which was not too large to be concealed under his coat.

"This," said General Gage, "is for his Excellency, Governor Tryon, in New York. He is on his way and will be there by the time this can reach him. You will find at General Putnam's headquarters a friend of ours. He

is known only as Captain Smith, of Connecticut. You will hand the parcel to him and he will make sure of its transmission by one of the rebel couriers, who will set out with it without delay. I might send it by sea, but for fear of losing time. One of our ships was ten days in getting through the Sound, and two of our smaller craft were captured by rebel pirates from New London. It is getting darker, now, and you had better set out right away. You will have a guard to take you safely to your boat."

He had not said all this in one speech, for General Pigot had interrupted with an occasional suggestion, but this was about the way his instructions arranged themselves in Dan's mind. He had no remarks to make in reply and he saw no objection to his being attended by a whole regiment, if one were needed to protect him from the wicked rebels of Boston. He was well pleased, moreover, to have such an important errand to Captain Smith, and, through him, to the Tory governor of the province of New York.

Out he went, bowing respectfully to the British generals, to find that it was a cart with

a lieutenant and three soldiers in it which was to convey him to the river beach below the graveyard. There was certainly wisdom exhibited in thus providing that his departure should not be known to anybody, not even to a tall man in rough clothes who was watching across the street, and that he should not be permitted to walk alone through the town with so valuable a cargo. He was satisfied, for he was saved several miles of traveling on foot and the evening was warm. The lieutenant sitting by him in the cart appeared to have lost the faculty of speech and he did not find it again until they were all out upon the ground at the river bank, not many paces from the hiding-place of the canoe.

"Now, my young lark," he then said, "bring out your boat and get into it. We will put these little green lanterns in the prow of it and none of our patrols will molest you. If by any accident one should halt you, answer Solway-Bermuda. That's the word and countersign for to-night."

"All right, sir," said Dan, but while one man was bringing out the canoe and closely examining it from stem to stern, the officer and

the two others were searching him from head to foot, as if to make sure that no remnants of his earlier prizes were sticking to him. Then the two lanterns were tied to an old barrel-hoop which held them up in position and he was permitted to get in and take his paddle.

"Good-by," said the lieutenant. "I hope you'll get across without being shot at and that the rebel riflemen won't pink you when you get to the other side. They knocked over all the men that were anywhere near me when I went up the slope at Bunker Hill."

Dan only responded "Good-by, sir," for he was looking at the lanterns on the hoop. They were small, four-sided things, with dingy green panes, and each had about three inches of candle in it. Not much more than enough to pull across the river with. Not even a patrol could see them from any considerable distance, and if he did he would not know what they were.

Dan paddled away, but without seeming to be in any hurry, and in another minute or so he felt sure that the lieutenant and his men could not see him. They had walked away, indeed, and all things on the shore were in deep

shadow. He paused for a long breath and then he took off his coat and carefully covered with it the green glimmer of his lanterns before he whirled his canoe and headed it for the bushy point where he had left his rebel mail, including the originals of the copies which he had surrendered to the British commanding general. He shivered all over when his birch-bark actually touched the beach, but he plucked up courage and stepped ashore.

"Now for it!" he thought. "If they don't catch me here I guess they never will. There may be a guard on this point."

He crept along from bush to bush until he could poke aside his rushes and pull out the bundle of deadly peril, but his return to the beach was made on a run, for he heard the sound of approaching voices. He was none too quick about it, for hardly had he made a score of strokes before he saw on the shore a glimmer of many bayonets and was loudly hailed with:

"Boat! Halt! Come ashore!"

Not a word of reply did he make, but he uncovered his green signals and plied his paddle as if for dear life.

"Halt! Come ashore and give the countersign or we shall fire!"

The officer in command of that party of British infantry must have hesitated, whereby great leaders have sometimes lost important battles, for now Dan's lanterns were again covered and there was nothing but the wide water and a starlit gloom for his men to send their volley of bullets into if they should fire one. Therefore no volley was fired and the disobedient canoe went on its way unhindered.

"I've done it!" exclaimed Dan. "Now I guess I'll cut right across into the Charles River and go to one of our nearest batteries. Some of 'em are within a mile of the river mouth. But I've beaten old Gage! Oh, but wasn't he mad when he read those things! Stung him all over."

He still had several miles of hard work before him and was glad that the water was reasonably smooth. The signals were once more displayed, for it was next to impossible that he should cross without being met by one of the scout boats which were pulling to and fro.

"I guess I won't hail any of 'em and make

'em give me the word for the night," he remarked. "I'll take it for granted they're all right."

That must have been the conclusion arrived at by the crews of several boats which he saw at moderate distances within his first three miles, but then, speeding along across his path there came one larger than the rest. It carried only one large green lantern, with a red light hung under it, whatever that may have been intended to tell.

"I mustn't try to get away," thought Dan. "If they try to search the canoe, I'll drop the American package overboard. I tied a stone to it to sink it and all they'd find is their own despatches."

Instead, therefore, of appearing to get away, he paddled directly for the dangerous stranger as if he wished to make its acquaintance.

"What boat's that?" came sonorously across the water.

"Orders from General Gage, with a countersign," responded Dan.

"Pull in, orders from General Gage, and give the countersign. Pull close in!" com-

manded the voice from the longboat, for such it was seen to be.

"Solway-Bermuda!" said Dan, as soon as he was near enough.

"All right, Bermuda," replied the officer. "Whom shall I report?"

That was a question which puzzled Dan dreadfully for a moment, but it was not a time for hesitation and he blurted out, hit or miss:

"Dan Monroe. Heath. Ward. Smith. New York."

"Done!" exclaimed the voice, with a loud laugh, and when the merriment ceased it added: "My countersign is General Gage. Pull ahead, my boy. Are your papers all right?"

"All right!" said Dan, with a hand on his larger parcel, ready to pitch it overboard. "I haven't been shot at yet."

"You won't be," said the General, "but I'm looking into this water patrol business myself. I mean to have orders obeyed better than they were when you canoed it into Boston."

Away went Dan, muttering to himself:

"Then he'd better leave out all the dark nights with rain in 'em."

Not one more British naval cruiser, with or without a general in it, interrupted the further voyage of Polly's rebel canoe, and it reached the Charles River with all its important mail on board.

CHAPTER SIXTH

THE VIRGINIA FOX

THE temporary quarters of General Putnam were at first in a farmhouse not far from the bank of the Charles River. They were afterwards changed, says the record, but it was in the ample kitchen of this house that Dan Monroe was sitting at an early hour of the next morning. A good breakfast had been provided him and he had eaten it voraciously, but he appeared to be laboring under a cloud of what might be uncertainty as to whether or not he was really there. He was inclined to rub himself, now and then, to make sure that he was awake and that he had actually escaped the entire army of Great Britain, generals, ships of war, and patrol-boats, and he had actually brought all the way to that place with him the two little green lanterns to which so much respect had been paid by his enemies. He had not been altogether stupid in so doing, for he had said to himself:

"They're a kind o' password an' some of our folks might want to use 'em, out on the water."

"Dan! Hurrah!" exclaimed a cheerful voice in the doorway. "If I ain't glad to see you back again! Now, give me your report. General Putnam is in the other room. How on earth did you manage it?"

"I didn't, Captain Hale," replied Dan. "It kind o' did itself. But I guess I'm about used up. Glad they didn't catch me. Do you know a man by the name of Captain Smith? I want to see him right away."

That was the very question that General Gage would not have wished him to ask, for several reasons, but Captain Hale promptly responded:

"Yes, I know him. He's a friend of mine. What do you want of him? Don't be afraid. Speak right out. He's a man we can trust perfectly."

"I'm glad of that!" exclaimed Dan, with a sudden feeling of relief. "I hardly knew what I ought to do next."

"Let me know all about it," said the Cap-

tain, "and then I'll tell you what to do. Begin at the beginning."

That was what Dan was glad to do, and his friend listened intently, with now and then a slight exclamation or a brief question, until he broke out into a roar of laughter at the account of the American spy's queer interview with the British generals.

"Nobody but a boy could have done it!" he declared. "General Putnam is busy now, but General Ward has been sent for and will be here before long. I will have Captain Smith come right in and get the benefit of all this fun. I wish I could have seen Gage read those papers."

He went out and pretty quickly in came Captain Smith, a short, active-looking man, with piercing blue eyes that seemed to read Dan right through and that danced a perfect jig of merriment as he listened to the story of the manner in which the patriots of Boston had managed to send their good opinions of them to the British generals. Neither he nor Captain Hale, however, had felt at liberty to open the parcels of despatches, British or American, before the arrival of their superior

officers. The papers could wait for an hour or so. At the end of that time, the two generals and some other officers were busy over them in the other room for a long time before Dan was called in to repeat the narrative he had given to Captain Hale. He could really do it better, this time, and once more there was any amount of fun made at the expense of General Gage.

"General Putnam," said General Ward, at last, "Dan deserves great credit. All this is of especial importance, but there is no action that we could take at this juncture. We must wait. At all events, we shall be able to furnish General Washington with full information on his arrival. These things fill up and complete what we had before."

"I must do something for Dan," replied Putnam. "I shall speak to Washington himself about him. I met him, long ago, when he was in New England, and he is just the man to appreciate this. Why, it's almost as if an Indian had done it, and he's an old Indian fighter. Do you know, his name among the Iroquois tribes is the Destroyer of Towns, and some of the others call him the Virginia Fox.

I don't believe that King George has any general that is likely to catch him napping—and they know it."

With reference to that, Dan was able to report some of the strong expressions of opinion that he had heard at General Gage's quarters. If he had been older, he might have also understood better why his new commander was about to be received so heartily, and with so much confidence, by the men from New England and the other colonies. All their veteran officers and soldiers, at least, knew a great deal about him, and it had been a Massachusetts man, John Adams, who at last made the formal motion for his appointment. He had done so, for he was a prudent man, after making himself well assured that he was naming the one man whose selection would excite the smallest amount of local jealousy or unfavorable criticism.

"Now for Governor Tryon's mail," said General Ward. "We will see if it contains anything of value to us."

Dan felt a queer twinge of conscience when he saw that package of papers opened, for it was on his mind that he had promised to send

it safely to the governor of the province of New York. He could not say anything, however, while the officers opened it and thoughtfully perused document after document, commenting now and then as they did so. At last, something like complete relief was given to his sense of honor.

"Important?" said General Putnam. "I should say they were! All this about the Tories and what they are expected to do is invaluable. I am glad to know who some of them are, better than I did. But to my mind it is of even greater consequence to us to know what has already been done and what Tryon is now expected to do in arousing the Indians. According to these instructions, King George and his ministers are intending to call out against us every tomahawk of the Iroquois and Hurons."

"They will do so, if they can," replied General Ward, "but we must not detain these despatches for an hour. Captain Smith, as soon as you can have copies made of them, you must send off a courier, pell mell. They will do us no harm whatever, now we know what is in them."

"There! All right!" thought Dan. "If I should ever have to say anything about it to General Gage, I'll be able to say that Smith and I sent 'em straight through to Governor Tryon, just as I told him I would."

He furthermore expressed his opinion that Captain Smith and the Generals were as sharp as needles. The entire operation wore a decidely sharp look, but the necessities of war are said to excuse almost anything, even the ungentlemanly meanness of opening another man's most private letters, reading them and then sealing them up again for delivery, just as if they had not been opened. As for that matter, Dan was still answering questions concerning his Boston adventures while the two captains were merrily engaged in making written copies of the interesting information and instructions which General Gage was in this manner sending to the Tory governor of New York. This gentleman had been visiting England and was now returning to undertake a very difficult piece of administration. He was a notable man, and all of the old Dutch province west of the lands along the Hudson had been named Tryon County after him. It

was supposed that he would reach home in time to receive his Boston correspondence, and he really did so, for he arrived in New York on the same day with General Washington. The same regiment of colonial militia gave each of them an honorary reception, to set forth the fact that the authorities of the province were entirely loyal to their king, even while the people were rejoicing over Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill and were preparing to raise troops for the patriot army before Boston and to protect their frontier against the Six Nations. The town of New York was also ignorantly getting ready to see more fighting and endure a longer siege than even its afflicted neighbor on Massachusetts Bay.

Dan Monroe's great expedition had now come to an end and he was sent back to his own camp, but with an assurance from General Putnam that he would shortly be called for again, he did not say what for.

"Well!" he muttered to himself, as he walked away. "I guess I don't want to make another trip to Boston. I might, though, if I were sure that General Gage had somehow

heard that his letters had gone straight through to Governor Tryon. Then I'd be all right."

Captain Smith had told him that the parcel was to go on, that night, in the care of a sure messenger who would also have more patriotic matter to deliver, but who would travel at a gallop. For all that, however, it would necessarily be many days before General Gage could receive reassuring replies to tell him that all was well.

Dan was glad enough to get back to his own camp and company, and his first desire was to go into a tent and take a long nap, after reporting his return to Captain Martin. He was not to get to sleep quite so easily as he hoped, however. The Captain himself greeted him with:

"Hurrah, Dan! Back safe, are you?"

"All right, sir," said Dan, "but I'm all tired out."

"I should think you might be!" exclaimed the captain. "I wasn't more'n half sure I'd ever see you again. Don't say a word about it, just now. I know where you've been. All that I or any other man is entitled to know, I

must get at headquarters. Go to your tent. I'll see you again."

Dan turned wearily away, but he had not gone ten paces before he was overhauled by his peculiar acquaintance the inquisitive man. It looked as if that remarkable specimen of patriotism had been lying in wait for him.

"Got back, have ye?" he squealed. "Where've ye been? What ha' ye been up to? Well, I s'pose now it's all over, you can't object to tell a feller 'bout your trip. Did ye turn up any news?"

"I haven't anythin' to say," said Dan. "I'm here. That's all."

"Oh, I guess not!" exclaimed the news hunter. "I won't be put off in this way by a boy like you. Nor by Cap'n Martin, nuther. Tell us the news!"

"I haven't any to tell," began Dan, but the interrogation man was now actually angry and his face was flushed.

"You needn't be so close-mouthed!" he snarled. "I tell ye what! The sojers o' this army are entitled to know what's goin' on. We're bound to know what's comin' next. You tell, now! Out with it!"

"Shut up, you lubber!" came in a gruff voice behind him. "Let Dan alone or I'll knock your head off. It's enough for you that he went on an errand for General Heath and it's none of your business where he went——"

"Why, Jim Wallace!" exclaimed the inquirer to the more than six-footer from Concord who had now gripped him by the arm. "We ort to know. They're keepin' all sorts o' things from the army."

"That's just right!" said Wallace. "I'll tell you one thing more. I know what discipline is, and there's going to be some here, pretty soon. General Washington's coming. Soon's he sets things to rights 'round here, if a feller like you asked such a question once, it might be only the guardhouse, but twice'd make it a question whether he was to be shot or drummed out o' camp. There won't be any nonsense with him!"

"Well," replied the curious man, with a plain conviction that the hand of Jim Wallace was a heavy one, "that's the view you take of it. Some of us looks at it another way. We'd orter know——"

It was too late for him to argue the question

any further, just then, for Dan had escaped, and more than one brawny soldier informed his persecutor that if he followed him into the tent to wake him up they would "give him an all-fired good lickin'."

Dan slept long and awoke feeling a great deal better, but he walked out of the tent into what appeared to him an exceedingly unsatisfactory situation. He was not a regularly enlisted soldier and was told that nobody could yet so much as guess what his army was going to do with him. Of course, however, he could camp for the present with his old company, for which its original Lexington drummer, who had carried a rifle at Concord, was henceforth to do the drumming. He could attend all rollcalls, draw rations, if there were any, and one of these days everything would come around right, as soon as the great men at headquarters found time to attend to the matter.

Dan was afraid that the generals might have their hands so full that a boy would easily be forgotten, but he had to content himself. There was at least one advantage in being loose-footed, for he was at liberty to

make excursions all along the lines, and there was a spirit of restlessness on him that made him begin that very day.

"I can visit the forts an' camps," he said, "and it's worth somethin' to know just where all of them are."

On the day following, also, he put in his time industriously, and on each return to his own camp he brought with him an amount of information which increased his popularity among the men. Even the curiosity man became almost satisfied, although he more than once asserted his conviction that Dan was always "keepin' suthin' to himself, keepin' it away from us fellers, ye know, on the sly." There was really some ground for that awful suspicion, for Dan had talks with Captain Hale and Captain Smith and they had told him a great many things which he did not let out to other people. He knew, for instance, that General Gage's despatches were now well on their way to the border of the province of New York, so that his British reputation as a trusty postboy was not likely to suffer hereafter. There was one very interesting line of news which his comrades were sure to ques-

tion him about. Messengers from the west were daily riding in, and every one of them brought all the tidings he could obtain concerning the movements of the new commander in chief. They all reported that he was making his advance rapidly, not lingering at any place, not even at New York, for an hour longer than was necessary.

The whole army was getting into a state of feverish expectation and every small morsel of information concerning the history and character of the Virginia Fox was retailed from man to man, with curious variations. It was well understood that he would bring a new order of things with him, and all who were to be affected by it were naturally anxious as to what the precise features of it would be. Among other reports, was continually given the assertion that he was a rigid disciplinarian and that he would try to bring the whole force up to the stern requirements of European military law. There were those who said that this was a thing that he could not do, and that free Americans would never endure it, but the opinion of the great majority was well expressed by a grim old Vermonter

who listened to some growlers until he was tired, and then stormed at them:

"I hope he'll shoot every one of ye, if ye give him any sass. I don't keer if he's made o' chilled iron and ile o' vitril, if he'll take a holt o' this 'ere mob an' teach it how to whip the British outen their boots."

There was one young soldier who had been hearing all that he could and who was in a greater fever, for his size, than almost anybody else could have been. It began to seem to Dan Monroe that about all he was just now living for was to hold on until he could get a good look at General Washington. He had stored his memory with any number of wonderful stories about him and his wild, daring adventures on the western frontier and among the Indians. All that was as yet an almost unknown country into which few white men had penetrated, and the Virginia Fox had made himself a very hero of romance to the young fellows of America. He had one more tremendous advantage in the minds of the boys, for no other distinguished fighter had begun so young. He had actually commanded troops and forts and fought whole tribes of Indians

before he was twenty, and such youngsters as Dan Monroe did not quite succeed in getting out of their heads an idea that he was still a kind of boy, very much like themselves, or at all events like what they intended to be, one of these days.

Day followed day, and on the 2d of July the news went swiftly from camp to camp that General Washington was nearing Watertown, three miles from Cambridge. Everywhere preparations began for giving him the right kind of welcome. The Massachusetts Congress was in session at Watertown, and it was for this reason that the great ceremonious reception was to be given here. A house had been made ready for his proposed headquarters at Cambridge, and even extravagant things were said concerning the style in which he was to come. Not only was he one of the richest men in the colonies and his horses and servants would be worth seeing, but he had been given a positive superabundance of civil and military escort. As he now rode onward, his attendance continued to include more and more of the notable men of Massachusetts, all of whom were envied by the throngs who were

compelled to wait for his arrival before they could see him and make up their minds whether or not he was the man that should have been chosen.

Dan Monroe was once more glad enough that he did not need official permission to go where he pleased. It was too late for him to gain anything by a walk to Watertown, but he considered the matter and decided that the best thing for him was to secure a good place in front of the house to which the General was to come in Cambridge.

"I can't miss him there," he said to himself, "but I'd better be there before the crowd comes. There'll be an awful jam."

It was while he was on his way that a good deal of his waiting time was used up for him, for the ceremony of reception was not a short one. The General had to shake hands with a number of great men and then he had to stand still and listen while an Address from the Congress was read, in which he was pretty fully informed how much was expected of him and how defective were the means with which he was expected to do wonders. The idea presented to him in various ways was that

up to this time there had really been no army, but that on the saddle of his horse a first rate new army was supposed to be riding in. This was not far from being a correct account of the difficult situation that animal was taking him into, as he was to discover immediately upon taking hold of this work.

While all that talk was going on, Dan reached his destination and began to show his own generalship, his ability to make use of whatever means he might discover. He had a piece of good luck, too, for somebody had left an old sugar hogshead only one square away, and it could be rolled near the front of the Cambridge house and set on one end.

"I'll put it here, across the street," he said, "or the guard may come and clear it away. They'll drive back the crowd, too."

He was entirely correct, for pretty soon a strong detachment of soldiers halted and formed before the house, and he and his hogshead were only just a little outside of the wide space which they insisted upon keeping open for the procession which was to come.

Dan was sitting on his watchtower and looking up the road when a great cloud of dust

began to show itself, and at about the same instant there was a thunder of artillery.

"Sounds as if we were firin' every gun we had!" exclaimed Dan. "I wonder what sort o' racket it'd make if all the cannon the British have, on their forts an' ships, were to be touched off together. It'd waste a pile o' powder, anyhow, and we haven't any to spare."

Everybody was aware of that, and Dan himself had been taught the lesson of powder economy at Bunker Hill, but he did not know how serious the present deficiency might be. General Washington's first thorough inspection was soon to tell him that he had under him only fifteen thousand men, instead of the twenty he had heard of, and that for this force he had only nine rounds of ammunition per man. At the same time, the army under General Gage was but little inferior in numbers, was perfectly equipped and was every way in better condition to take the field for a pitched battle. If current reports were true, however, it was commanded by a discordant "council of war" instead of by a general, and therefore had no immediate prospect of trying to take advantage of its opportunities.

The cloud of dust drew swiftly nearer, and Dan was no longer sitting upon his perch. He was doing better, for he had risen to his feet and had been joined by as many other young sightseers as there was foot room for, with more sitting around the edges, and all could keep from falling off only by clinging to each other and making a kind of pyramid. They had established themselves quite firmly, but not one of them could afterwards have testified to the exact number who were on top of that hogshead.

"Dan," at that moment inquired somebody at the side of the perch, "can you see him? Is he comin'?"

"Polly," exclaimed Dan, "are you here? Yes, there he comes."

The Narragansett squaw wore her buckskin tunic, but somebody with a taste for the brilliant had provided her with a bright red calico skirt, and she wore a string of silver-looking ornaments around her neck. Her long hair was flying wild and, take her all in all, not any militia colonel who had done his best for his uniform that morning was now making any more stunning appearance than did old

Polly. Only her eyes, moreover, told that she was under any excitement, and all that Dan heard her say was spoken in her own tongue, except the muttered words: "Great War Chief! Kill lobster!"

That might indicate her expectation that the arriving warrior of the palefaces was to slaughter the redcoats in person, as Samson did the Philistines, and now she was to see him in his war-paint.

Whatever may have been Polly's expectations or those of anybody else, there was nothing which ought to have disappointed them in the really noble and impressive appearance of the tall, dignified Virginian who now rode up, attended by a squadron of Light Cavalry. The colonies might have been searched in vain for any man whose personal presence was better calculated to inspire respect and confidence. It was of public importance that he looked so well that day, and that he continued to produce the same effect upon all the men who afterwards came in contact with him.

The air was rent by the enthusiastic shouts of the soldiers and the people, but among all that tremendous chorus of welcoming plaudits

Dan Monroe was ready to believe that the Commander-in-Chief had bowed to *him*. — *Page 143.*

there was heard one shrill, clear voice that seemed to be different from the others and to make its way through them, to be listened to by itself. It reached the ears of Washington, and he knew the Indian warwhoop. He had heard it in many a hot and desperate fight, but he had not been expecting to hear it again on this occasion. He turned his head instantly, and his searching eyes found Polly, just as she was uttering another triumphant whoop in honor of the chief. Dan and his companions had also been doing all their lungs would let them, and the time had come for the General to respond to the entire crowd by a sweeping salute, before dismounting to go into the house. His cocked hat was already off, in his hand, and his salute was grandly given, but its finish and altogether its best end was directed at the Narragansett squaw and the boy-crowned old sugar hogshead away across the road. It hit the mark, too, with accuracy.

Whatever Polly herself may have imagined, Dan Monroe was ready to believe that the Commander-in-Chief had bowed to him, and so was every other boy in that patriotic collection. The General was on the ground now,

between files of soldiers presenting arms, and he quickly disappeared through the doorway. Then the mounted escort wheeled and halted in front of the house, foot sentries were posted, the throng dispersed slowly, talking hopefully about Washington as they went, and Polly and Dan Monroe marched off toward their own camp.

"Great chief!" she said. "'Calp Six Nation, long ago. Polly hear ole Ford Fenner tell about him. Fight in dark. No catch him asleep."

"I'm glad he's come, anyhow," said Dan. "Now let's see what he'll do."

Washington had indeed come, and what was soon to be known as the Continental Army may be said to have begun its existence. Nevertheless, it is not well to speak or think too carelessly of that beginning or of the manner in which it was made. All the genius of Washington would have been of no avail if it had not been for the fighting heroism of the undisciplined militia who first took up arms for liberty. They had already proved to all who had been disposed to doubt them, their ability to stand under fire against the best sol-

diers of Europe. Here they were, now, prepared to do it again under better leadership and circumstances. They were to suffer defeats with fortitude and were also to win victories, but, after all, the first victory of the long war for independence had been won by the little band of Minute Men who rallied in the night to be shot down in the morning upon the village green of Lexington and along the Concord road.

CHAPTER SEVENTH

MORE NEWS

DAN and his pyramid of spectators had left their pedestal behind them when its uses were ended, and it was never again to perform any similar duty, for in less than an hour its dismembered fragments were making part of a bonfire which was kindled in honor of the occasion by the small boys of Cambridge. They all voted that sugar, when soaked into oak, would make as hot and bright a blaze as even tar itself.

Polly had little to say on the campward march; she never did have, but as they were nearing the end of their walk she turned and remarked to Dan:

"Polly come all way to see Virginia Fox. Saw him! Now go home. Dan go too. See folk. Tell 'em long talk. Come back an' fight lobster."

"That's just what I'll do!" said Dan.

"Father an' mother an' Aunt Dorothy'd give anything to hear all about this. So would

folks in the village. I needn't be gone more'n three or four days. You go along with me."

"Ugh!" she said. "Polly take care of Dan."

He believed he could take care of himself, and she exhibited any amount of interest in the account he gave her of his canoe voyage to Boston without her paddle to help him. That it had not been there was evidently a grief to her, for that was a kind of warpath that suited her exactly.

Permission to visit home was obtained from Captain Martin, and it was in the cool of the evening that Dan and his Narragansett ally were once more on the road to Lexington. They were both good walkers and midnight had not arrived when they entered the village.

"Late," said Polly. "No wake up Monroe house. Dan come sleep at Ford Fenner's place. Go see 'em in the morning."

Dan thought for a moment before he concluded that this plan would suit him better than stirring up his family at so late an hour, and he liked the idea of getting a look at the old Quaker's house. When they reached it he found that Polly had retained her key to the

back door, although the whole property was now in the hands of the distant relatives of its former owner who claimed to be his heirs. In they went, and a lamp was lighted and he was able to see that most of the personal property, including crockery and curiosities, had been removed. Many other things had not, however, and it did not interfere with anybody's rights that Ford Fenner's freed Indian slave slept that night in her old room and that Dan Monroe occupied the bed which had formerly held the robust form of the fighting Quaker. It was a room which might have been made troublesome for Dan by swarms of old memories and imaginings if he had not been so tired that there was no imagination left in him. He had plenty of memories, however, for when he awoke in the morning he sprang out of bed exclaiming:

"General Washington! I must go to the house for breakfast and to tell them about him. Didn't he look splendid, though! Polly must go, too."

She was already up and would have preferred remaining there to cook for herself if there had been anything to cook with, but the

cupboard was empty and the cows and poultry had been taken away. They were indeed all gone, for she hunted in the barns for eggs in vain. Their walk to the Monroe place was therefore made in the beautiful quiet of the early summer morning, when the whole village looked as if its inhabitants had deserted it.

"Tell you what, Polly," said Dan, as he looked around him, "part of Boston looks as empty as this does, all day long. Awful!"

"Lobster drive 'em out," said Polly. "No 'calp 'em right away."

Dan had no idea of knocking at his own door, and he was altogether unannounced, unexpected, when he walked in with Polly behind him.

"Hurrah!" he shouted, and then he tried to say "Whoop!" and failed.

A loud hail answered him from the side room where his wounded father lay, and he started in that direction, but did not get there immediately because of the arms of his mother and Aunt Dorothy that came sweeping around him, followed by the eager rush of the children and several of the refugees from Boston who were there. It was a tremendous surprise

party, and the first clear, intelligent utterance that crept out from under the general haystack of welcome was Dan's loud assertion:

"Father, General Washington, of Virginia, came in yesterday to take command of the army. I saw him. He's grand! I was on top of a hogshead an' he took off his hat to me. I came home to tell all about it."

"I'm glad you did!" said Aunt Dorothy. "But only just think of it! I never did like those Virginians, with their slaves an' their pride an' their aristocratic ways. We ought to ha' had a Massachusetts man."

"Why, Aunt Dorothy," said Dan, "he used to fight the Injins——"

"Don't care if he did!" she grumbled. "I tell you what, he mustn't hold up his head too high or he'll never suit our folks."

"Oh, yes, he will," said Dan. "I heard our soldiers talk about it. He can hold his head up sky high if he'll whip the redcoats. He can fight! That's what we want. Everybody's been wishin' for a general."

"Why, Dan," said his father, "this is the best kind o' news. His appointment'll bring us any number o' southern riflemen. They're

just the best shots you ever heard of. Some of 'em ha' seen service, too. We want every man he can draw out."

Aunt Dorothy was by no means satisfied, for her provincial prejudices were strong, and she was a fairly good representative of a large number of patriotic people who knew nothing at all of war or generalship.

During the hour that followed, while Dan was eating his breakfast and telling all his news, with occasional help from Polly when he told something which called upon her to say "Ugh!", Aunt Dorothy would have learned something if she had been in a large room which had been the back parlor of a well built mansion in Cambridge.

General Washington was not wasting any more time upon ceremonious visits of welcome, but had settled down at once to his hard work. It began, of course, with a series of verbal and written reports from Generals Ward, Heath, Putnam and other officers, and they had a great deal to tell which it was necessary for him to know right away, before sending out any orders. At the end of this conference he was quickly on horseback, with nearly all

of them for an escort, and was riding slowly along the lines, from camp to camp. At each in succession the men were paraded to receive him, and he had every reason to be satisfied with the ringing rounds of cheers which the brave fellows gave to their new commander. It was evident that they were willing enough to do all that could be required of them, but the General all but ground his teeth as on inspection of regiment after regiment he took note of the defective equipments and of the all but universal unfitness to cope with English regulars in the open field. He reached at last the line of breastworks and redoubts on and near Prospect Hill, opposite Charlestown Neck. All of them were well out of range of either the guns on Bunker Hill or the British floating batteries and he studied them thoughtfully.

"They will do," he was heard to say, "but we must make them stronger. Here is one of our weak points. We must take care that no considerable force of the enemy shall obtain a footing on this mainland. They must not be permitted to form in the open and storm these things."

One of the officers with him remarked somewhat jauntily that the British had had enough already of storming American breastworks, and he replied:

"But they did storm them! Let them do it here and the siege of Boston is ended. We must see that the Boston Neck is covered as completely. Then we shall have them bottled up on the peninsula, no matter how many thousands there are of them. What fools they are, not to have long ago won and established a good position on the mainland."

The observations that he was making of the vital errors committed by the British generals furnished the key of all his subsequent operations. It was one which a born leader like himself could turn in the lock and make sure that nothing behind it should come out to attack him. He now gazed long and earnestly at Bunker Hill, through his telescope, but when he lowered the glass he did not say a word about making any attempt to recover that lost position. If he could have done so, it would have fitted in well with any plans which he might form, but it was too soon for any of these to have taken practical shape. He had

seen enough here and rode back to Cambridge after making arrangements for a similar tour of observation at the center and the other end of the lines on the morrow.

If nobody in the army knew whether or not General Washington had formed new plans of his own, neither did anybody in Lexington know what were Polly's plans for her immediate future. It was not a great while after breakfast that Aunt Dorothy wanted to ask her some questions and discovered that she had disappeared altogether, no one knew whither.

"The old Injin snake!" exclaimed Aunt Dorothy. "She must ha' crep' out underground. I never saw the like of her."

As for Dan, he had on his mind a strong desire to go out and look around the farm, to be sure it was all there, and with that in a kind of wrestle was his longing to get out into the village, for news talks with Nat Harrington and the other boys, but both of his aspirations had to be kept down for a little while after breakfast.

"Dan," said Aunt Dorothy, not long after they arose from the table, "you needn't be in

such an awful hurry to get away. I've somethin' I want you to see before you go. Somethin' I guess you'll like."

"What is it?" he asked. "I've seen all there is 'round here."

"Well," she said, "the way of it was this. There came an old fellow, said his name was Ford, from Swampscott, reg'lar Quaker, an' he came to take possession of old Ford Fenner's things. He didn't come to this house, but I saw him. I went all the way over there to see what sort he might be. I guess some o' those Injin collections of the old man had taken him kind o' aback. Especially the scalps. They savored too much o' this wicked world and o' war and fighting to suit a Quaker an' he wanted to get rid of 'em. So I bought the whole lot of him. I stuck first to that there bell-mouthed gun that you fetched home from Bunker Hill. Then he was in need of money and I got the swords, war-clubs, tomahawks, pistols an' scalping knives. I didn't have to pay so very much, neither, except for the gun. Come up stairs and look at 'em."

Dan was eager to go, and his eyes glistened with delight while he overhauled the treasures

the blood-thirsty character of which had been too much for the Quaker peacefulness of Ford Fenner's heir-at-law. He was pretty well aware that Aunt Dorothy could not have purchased them for her own use, much as she wished she could shoot the British army, and it was not until they were about ready to go downstairs that she gave him any idea of her purposes concerning them.

"Dan," she said, "that there gun's too big an' heavy for you to carry. If you ever had to run away, you'd have to drop it an' the British'd get it, sure. I may let you have it, some day when you're bigger'n you are now. There, Dan, that best sword's real handsome, but no private soldier carries anything like it, nowadays. You'll have to wait for it till you're an officer. That's what I want you to be, soon's you can. One o' these days, if the war goes on long enough, I want to buy you some epaulets."

"Officer?" exclaimed Dan. "Well, that's what I mean to be, but they won't let me even carry a rifle, yet. You just wait. I'll be one."

She had managed to force him to let out one large specimen from the great river of

thoughts, dreams and ambitions which had been running through him as he went hither and thither among the camps or paddled his canoe at night over the dangerous waters of the Mystic River and Boston Bay. There never was a bright boy yet, in or around any army, who did not at times imagine himself in command of that very army, or some other, a bigger one. Then, too, after thinking how well he would look in his gold-laced uniform and epaulets, he thought about great victories. Holding the sword and pulling it out of the sheath and putting it back again aided Dan in agreeing with Aunt Dorothy about the unwieldy weight of the gun, for he was aware that General Ward and General Washington, for instance, never loaded themselves up with bell-mouthed fowling pieces.

The Ford Fenner military and Indian treasures were put away in Aunt Dorothy's closet at last, and Dan went out of the house. His first visit was to the barn and the horses. They all appeared to know him and not one of them appeared to be offended by a remark that he made.

"Well, I guess there isn't a horse among

'em, or anywhere in this neighborhood, that's quite up to the one General Washington rode into camp on. But then, that one was groomed an' rubbed an' polished till his hide shone like silk. Besides that, his hoofs were blackened as if they'd been a pair o' boots. The General knew how to ride him, too."

The horses were left behind and Dan went out on the green. He was in the middle of it, trying to remember all about the fight, the firing by the British soldiers under Major Pitcairn and the falling of the Minute Men as they were hit by the flying lead.

"How they did go down!" he exclaimed. "I just kept on drumming and Nat Harrington fifed away. Our men stood there, in front o' the meeting-house. I saw Major Pitcairn out there, in front of his men——"

At that moment he discovered that he would be in no need of hunting around for the village boys of Lexington. One of them had seen him and sent up a yell that was heard by others, and now they were all coming on a run, and yelling as they came. It was but a minute or so before Dan was the center of an increasing crowd of his former playmates, to which were

shortly added a number of women, children and grown up men. Every soul of them was eager to hear all he had to tell of the way things were going on in the army. He had to wait, indeed, until a rapid volley of questions had partly ceased firing before he could get in any answering shots of his own. Then most of them almost restrained themselves and kept still while he told of the arrival of the new general from Virginia and how he looked and what the soldiers said about him and what wonderful things he had done already, long ago, among the French and Indians. But then even General Washington himself had to be pushed aside until Dan could give the reports which were demanded concerning the individual men who had gone to the Boston camps from Lexington and its vicinity. Every one of them was worth more to the persons who were asking the questions than any commander-in-chief in the wide world could be.

There were sad faces among them who made, or who did not make, inquiries, for some of the men of Lexington who had not fallen upon the green of their own village had but marched on to go down afterwards, in the

Breed's Hill redoubt or on Bunker Hill or in the retreat across Charlestown Neck. Dan could tell about some of these very men, for he had seen them fall. It all was over at last, and he went home with a feverish feeling upon him that he was only a soldier on a brief leave of absence and that it was his duty to hasten back to the company he belonged to before it should get into another battle with the enemy.

"It seems to me," he said to himself, "as if I a'most wish I'd been wounded—some! I guess I'll never get to feelin' just right when I come home, unless I can show where I was hit."

A good deal of the rest of that day was spent with his father, who was rapidly recovering and was hungry to ask all sorts of questions, but what with his mother and Aunt Dorothy and the rest there were always plenty of listeners in the side room. Then came supper and a lot of visitors, and then more visitors, and Dan went to bed with a fixed determination to be on the march and out of their reach early in the morning.

That evening there was a long and profound council of war held at the headquarters of

Washington, in the Wadsworth house in Cambridge. In fact, it was a continuation of a ceaseless council for information and preparation which had not adjourned for any considerable length of time since he rode into Massachusetts. Its membership had changed all the while, however, as the General discovered man after man who was able to tell him something. Here he sat now, in his usual dignity, and he was carefully examining a lot of papers laid before him by General Ward. They appeared to interest him deeply and were accompanied by maps and varied statistics.

"I am glad," he said, "that you are in such close communication with our friends in Boston. Were these brought in by one of your spies? They give the condition and positions of the British forces almost up to date."

"I think, your Excellency," said General Ward, "that I must explain. Any communication with the Boston patriots is exceedingly difficult. The enemy's lines are almost impenetrable. It was done by a boy——"

"What?" exclaimed Washington, with a sudden increase of attention. "All these

things were brought through by a boy? Tell me about him. How did he manage his going and coming?"

"He did it a good deal like an Indian," said General Heath. "He did it more than once, in the most daring manner."

General Washington took a long, thoughtful look at the papers before him. Then he turned, with one of Friend Willis's maps of the Copp's Hill fortifications in his hand and remarked:

"If there's a boy in this army that can equal an Indian in getting into or out of an enemy's camp, I want to see him."

General Putnam was able to give him a pretty full and clear account of Dan Monroe's canoe voyages, as well as of his interviews with General Gage and others, but Washington did not so much as smile at the story of the caricatures. He was tracing Dan's trip on a map.

"Here is what we needed, just now," he said "but it required intelligence as well as pluck to do this thing."

"Intelligence? Pluck?" said General Heath. "I guess it did. But that boy was in all the hard fighting we've had, from the be-

ginning. He was in the redoubt on Breed's Hill and escaped through the enemy's lines."

"You say he is off on leave, now," said Washington. "When he returns, send him to me. This is enough for to-night, gentlemen."

They took their leave and went out with the papers, and it was a late hour when he went to his bed It was well for him and for the country that he seemed to be so nearly made of iron.

The next morning, Dan Monroe's war fever was on him, worse than ever, and he did not have to argue the matter with his father or mother. They were willing to let him go, and Aunt Dorothy herself said to him:

"Dan, of course you'll go. Why, my dear, I heard yesterday that some o' the men over the east road have come back again. Had fighting enough. Done all they feel like doin' for their country. Perhaps they don't like the idee o' bein' disciplined by General Washington. Now, if they don't feel like fightin' it out, I do! Just do you march right back!"

CHAPTER EIGHTH

THE SHUT TRAP

THE British forces under General Gage were really a powerful army for that day and for such military operations as seemed to be before them. It was reported that they were nearly twelve thousand in number, with abundant artillery and even a moderate force of cavalry. They were all regular troops, except the battalion of Tories, and were in every respect well equipped for field service. They were therefore much more than equal to the fourteen thousand half armed, undisciplined militia that were arrayed against them. There was no reasonable doubt that if they could have been brought face to face with Washington's army in a pitched battle on the mainland they would have scattered it like chaff, and Dan Monroe's father had repeatedly told him so.

"But, Dan, my boy," he had added, hopefully, "that sort o' field fighting's just what

General Washington isn't going to give 'em. They're all in the trap on Boston peninsula and he won't let 'em come across the water anywhere to get a fair chance at him. What's more, I guess he won't waste any of his men in trying to go over and strike 'em where they are."

Dan had been thinking a great deal about that trap in which the British had been caught, for it had been explained to him, long ago, by a friend of his named Ford Fenner, a Quaker, and he was now hurrying back to take another look at it. He was also eager to see what his new commander would do to shut it up tighter. He had therefore said all his good-bys to the family, had made an early start, and then it seemed to him as if he wished his legs were wings. All the miles were long on that crooked road from Lexington to Boston, but after all they were not so long to Dan as they had been to the retreating regulars under Lord Percy, a few weeks before.

Dan was thinking a great deal about his battles and he was beginning to change some of his notions. To his mind, at first, every man who had been on Charlestown peninsula,

behind the American works on either Bunker Hill or Breed's, had been necessarily a kind of hero, for the mere fact that he was there proved it. But now, as he pulled his memories to pieces and put them together again, and studied thoughtfully some of the things he had seen and heard before the battle and in it and after it, he had begun to have new ideas, although he would not have told them to any one.

"No," he said aloud, as he walked along, "some o' the men stood up to it an' some didn't. I saw some o' the officers do things they wouldn't ha' like to ha' had talked about at home. They didn't all come up to the mark like Colonel Prescott, or Old Put, or Dr. Warren, or even Ford Fenner."

He did not mention himself or Nat Harrington or Polly, although all of that peculiar squad of heroes had behaved with great coolness under fire. The Narragansett squaw had also exhibited first-rate Indian generalship and had effected a retreat in good order with her detachment. Dan made a number of sharp criticisms, without any suspicion that precisely such conduct as he was condemning

would pretty surely be reported to General Ward, and by him afterwards to General Washington, and that the latter would examine each case with pitiless eyes. The fact was that not long afterwards he wrote to a friend about having "broken one colonel and two captains for cowardly behavior on Bunker Hill." He did more than that, and it was the stern beginning that he made in the lessons which were needed in the long process of turning his raw militia into the Continental Army with which he was to save the country.

Dan reached his camp and his company about noon and was received by Captain Martin and the men with all heartiness, for all the world as if he had been a regularly enlisted soldier. He had served among them from the first, and somehow or other he did belong there. He did not feel comfortable, nevertheless, and was getting low-spirited concerning his probable army career when two whole days passed without anything turning up. It was just after parade on the third morning and he was turning away from it more dejected than ever, when a loud, cheerful voice called his name, and he looked up into the

handsome face of his old friend, Captain Nathan Hale. He responded eagerly, and then the Captain led him aside to say to him:

"Dan, my boy, I've something for you. I've come to arrest you."

"Arrest me! What for?" asked Dan, in astonishment.

"Well," replied Hale, "I am to take you to General Ward, first, and then he will take you to the headquarters. There's a man named George Washington there and he wants to ask you some questions. General Heath and General Ward tried to tell him, but they couldn't do it all, for they were not there. He wants to know exactly how you did that Boston business. What if he should order you to be court-martialed for breaking through the lines of his friend, General Gage? Come on!"

Dan grinned a little, but not much. He was not greatly in fear of being shot on account of his canoe voyage, but a cold chill went over him, nevertheless, for the somewhat humorous New London captain had set before him the awful idea of a personal interview with the greatest man in America, the hard

disciplinarian whom all other men were just then afraid of.

"I'll come," he said, "but I guess I'll get General Ward to do the talking for me. He can do it better'n I can."

"No, he won't!" said Captain Hale. "I tell you what, I wouldn't like to be in your shoes, myself. You'll have an awful time. They say everybody crawls out of his room kind o' used up."

Dan was aware of being very young indeed. He felt younger than he had ever done before, and yet he did appear to himself to be somehow growing older as he walked along. Whether or not it was because he was about to stand before his commanding general in the character of an old soldier, he could not have told. He may have been thinking of himself rather as a desperate adventurer and a confidential adviser of his Excellency, General Gage, of the British army in America. His hair did not turn gray on the march, nevertheless, and he reached the quarters of General Warren in fairly good condition. Here they learned that General Ward was already at Cambridge and that several other distin-

guished soldiers and civilians had gone with him, for a discussion of the great food and powder question, not to speak of questions which might involve the dismissal or other punishment of certain minor officers in whose conduct General Washington had discovered flaws. They had been defective in their management of payrolls and in obedience to orders.

The walk to the Wadsworth house was a dreadfully short one. Dan would have been quite willing to have had it considerably lengthened, but it would not stretch for him. It was reached, and before long he was holding his breath while Captain Hale led him into the truly enormous room in the middle of which, behind a big table and in full uniform and mountains of dignity, stood General George Washington, Commander-in-Chief. The walls of the room at once faded away into the dim distance, the ceiling went upward, the floor went down, although Dan still knew where his own feet were and the General's. Then he heard General Ward, somewhere at another end of the table, but otherwise invisible, say in a low voice:

General Washington had seen bashful boys before. — *Page 171.*

"Here he is, General," and Dan did not know that several more officers in the room were smiling benevolently at the badly scared hero of that long midnight paddle to Boston, of which they had heard.

General Washington had seen bashful boys before, and his stern face brightened into a most encouraging smile as he held out a hand and said:

"Come right here, Dan Monroe. These gentlemen will have to excuse me for a few minutes, while I ask you some questions."

Dan stepped forward and it did him a world of good to be actually shaken hands with. He believed his General was very handsome.

"Here is a map," he now said. "I wish to know precisely by what route you eluded the British patrol boats. Be careful not to mention any name of any of our friends in Boston."

"The British know pretty well who they are, your Excellency," said Dan, with some promptness, for the floor was coming up under his feet and the walls of the room were drawing in. The ceiling also was not so far away

and the General himself was not quite so large. Then he added, as he looked down at the map: "This 'ere thing isn't a very good one. It puts Noddle's Island away back behind Boston. But I can tell where the ships o' war were, for I had to dodge 'round 'em. There were lots o' patrol boats. They'd ha' caught me, too, if it hadn't been for the dark an' the rain. The lightnin' helped 'em some, but it didn't last long enough. I started away up there, above Winnissamet, an' paddled all the way down the Mystic and around to the graveyard, south o' Fox Hill Island."

"Point it out," said the General. "Tell me exactly how it was done, from place to place. They tell me you did it all alone."

"This time I did, your Excellency," replied Dan, "but the first time and one other time I had Polly with me. She's an old Narragansett squaw, an' she's as sharp as a razor. She taught me how to do lots o' things."

"Just like an Indian," said the General, grimly. "Sometimes a squaw'll do better on a trail than any warrior. They'll fight, too."

He then proceeded with a long list of ques-

tions, and was evidently obtaining local information which he considered of value, but which had not been contained in any of the papers turned over to him.

"I hadn't any idea that I knew so much," thought Dan.

The General's questions had certainly drawn a great deal out of him and he had shown that both his eyes and his memory had been wonderfully busy during his scouting expeditions, from the beginning until now. He had yet another unexpected experience before him. General Washington had already received accounts of all the fighting which had been done before his arrival. He had received them from various sources, and the several histories did not altogether agree with each other. Right here, therefore, he gave a good example of one of his good qualities as a commander. In Dan Monroe he had picked up a competent and honest reporter who had been an eye witness of, and an actor in, the very affairs the study of which was teaching him what he had to deal with. He therefore quietly questioned Dan concerning the long line of events which began with the hanging of the lanterns in the

steeple of the old North Church. He had seen them shine and had known beforehand why and when they were to be lighted. It was a great help to him in telling the story that he had so often told it before, at home and elsewhere, and he now told the General very fully how he had reported many of these things to the British officers at their own headquarters, and the remarks they had made about the affairs. Every man in the room was willing to listen to the recital, up to the hour when the British bayonets came over the earthen wall of the redoubt on Breed's Hill. As for Dan, his bashfulness and timidity were all gone, in the increasing excitement of his recital, and he was now doing very well indeed. He did not notice, however, how the face of Washington clouded at times, as he was so frankly informed of the several defects of management and personal conduct of which the Lexington drummer boy had taken note. He made no remarks and he did not write down anything, but when Dan exclaimed:

"Oh, General Washington! You don't know how mad we all were when we found we had no more powder to fight with!" he

rose to his feet and paced rapidly up and down the room.

"Gentlemen," he said, sadly, "that is it! I am afraid that sort of deficiency will be our worst enemy, all through our fight for liberty. We must try to remedy it in some way. I am planning, just now, to send out privateers to intercept the supply ships of the enemy. I feel quite sure that we might capture some of them——"

Not many minutes before that, General Putnam had entered the room and he had been listening with a broad smile upon his face.

"Your Excellency," he now exclaimed, "the New London and Providence whaling men are already beginning to take that matter up. More than one armed schooner is out o' port and more are preparing to follow. The men are aware, though, that in the eyes of the enemy they will be regarded as pirates and that if captured they are liable to be hanged."

"What do they say about that?" asked Washington.

"Some one thing and some another," replied Putnam. "But the best I heard was that they don't intend to be taken alive. They

said, too, that there are two sides to the pirate question. If there's to be any hanging, the British may not be called upon to do all of it. I've heard that there were two men that died the same day, once."

"I shall attend to that, myself," sternly responded the Commander-in-Chief. "There will be very little hanging done. But I shall wish to know all about the privateers. I must communicate with them. I can give them information concerning some ships they may look out for. Dan, take the pen and copy that sheet of writing."

Dan did as he was bidden, and at once discovered that the manuscript he had been ordered to copy was a wretched piece of work. It was an official report made by a major of one of the regiments, and the man who had made it may have been a hero without being fitted to teach school. The spelling and grammar were of the most independent kind. They had rebelled against all English government and had set up a free American set of rules of their own. While he was at work with his pen at the table, a sort of informal military debating society was going on around

him, but he did not hear a word of what was said, so intent was he upon the task of reducing that report to something like order and good discipline. Even the rows of words were compelled to fall into line and stand at "parade rest."

"There!" he whispered loudly, at last. "I've got it all, except those five words that look like Injin. Mebbe they're Dutch."

Then he looked up, for there was a roar of laughter and General Washington himself reached out a hand and took the paper. He examined it intently for a moment before he remarked:

"That will do, Dan. You write well, for a boy. You could make a report that any man might read. Captain, make out the appointment of Daniel Monroe, of Lexington, as a cadet in Captain Martin's company of the Massachusetts line, and have him transferred to these headquarters for special duty. He is just the boy I want. Dan, you may go, now. Report here to-morrow morning, at seven o'clock. Bring your knapsack."

It was just as well for Dan that Captain Hale was there to guide him out of the room

and set him on his feet in the road, for he himself was not at all sure whether he was standing on his feet or on his head. He had barely been able to muster sufficient presence of mind to put down the pen on the table instead of on the floor, get up, bow very low and stammer:

"Thank you very much, your Excellency. I-I-I'll cadet!"

He felt a great deal better as soon as he was in the open air.

"Go to your camp, now," said Captain Hale. "The order for the appointment will be sent to Captain Martin in the regular way. It doesn't make an officer of you and you won't need any sword, but you'll have to wear the buff and blue uniform as soon as you can get one, if you are to do duty at his headquarters. Your next step, soon as you're old enough, may be third lieutenant or something like it. Hurrah! That's what you got by your Boston trip and your handwriting. I'm a schoolmaster, myself."

So he had been, until he raised a company for the army, and he had taken a sharp look at Dan's chirography. There were good schools

in New England, even at that early day, for the first colonists had manifested a deep interest in education. Harvard University itself had made a good beginning. The village school at Lexington had done something for Dan, but there had also been another, kept at his own house by his mother and Aunt Dorothy and by the books on the shelves in the parlor. Off he went, now, and he did not hear the half-muttered words of Captain Hale:

"Just so! General Washington is right. One of the curses of this army is ignorance. When Dan gets back, I'll tell him what books he must study if he is ever to be a commander of men—a good officer. There are some of them in the Wadsworth library. I saw them and he can get at them. He is too young? Nonsense! Washington himself was a major at eighteen. He was fit for a general even then, with more real military ability in him than most of our brigadiers'll ever have, no matter how old they are."

That was the time when Washington was at school in the great art of war, and the trouble with part of the titled men whom the Captain was criticising was that they had

never attended anything higher than a militia primary.

At the present hour, the General would have been well pleased if he could have picked out some hundreds of the brightest boys in the colonies and made army cadets of them, as he was doing with Dan, so that before long he might have a steady supply of well-trained officers. This was the necessity provided for by the nation at an early day in the establishment of the school at West Point for the army, and the school at Annapolis for the navy. Our earliest military academies were found in the Indian wars and the next in the Continental Army. Both were pretty good.

Dan's own idea of the matter was that he had not only become a cadet, whatever that might be, but that he had at once been tremendously promoted by being ordered to duty under the immediate command of the General.

"The trouble is," he said to himself, "that if he orders me to do something I don't know, I'd never dare to ask him how it was to be done. I do know something about company drill and I can drum——"

There the list of his accomplishments

appeared to get away from him, but it was not likely that he would right away be called upon to lead a regiment or build a fort.

"Sword!" he said, as he walked along. "The Captain says I won't need one. No epaulets. I know that. Uniform. Father can help me fix all that. No gun, not even if there's a battle. Anyhow, I can ride a horse and I'll tell you what I'm goin' to do, fast as I can. I mean to learn how to load an' fire a cannon an' make breastworks an' train men. I s'pose a good deal about such things can be picked out o' those books, if I get hold of 'em."

His intentions, therefore, were in full accord with the wise counsel of Captain Hale, and he was likely to be prepared for his next promotion, as soon as he should earn it. That is, as he thoughtfully remarked, if he did not get himself killed by the British before he could be commissioned as an officer. On arriving at his camp he had an interesting interview with Captain Martin, and some of his friends among the men came to talk with him as soon as they heard of his good luck. They were good fellows, and in one form of speech or another they all expressed their

approval of this instance of their new General's ability.

"The fact is, Dan," remarked one of them, encouragingly, "you ain't good for much of anything else. You can drum pretty well, that's so, but you can't do anythin' as a sojer till you're grown up. You see, what that old chap from Virginny wants of ye is a right lively boy, with good legs, to run arr'nds for him 'round headquarters an' 'mong the camps, an' you'll git h'isted if you don't run. You're just fit for that kind o' work."

"That so," added another adviser, solemnly, "but he'll have a hard time of it. I wouldn't care to be on duty quite so nigh those sharp eyes o' his'n, myself."

CHAPTER NINTH

TORIES

SEVERAL days went by, and at the end of them Dan was aware that he had seen General Washington a number of times, going and coming, but that he had not exchanged one word with him. There was something peculiar about it, for he had seen him come and go, almost always pretty well accompanied, but he had not seen him do any chatting or indeed so much as speak to any man except on business. He returned with punctilious dignity every soldierly or other salute that came to him, but that was all, except that he had kept a whole squad of generals and other great men waiting while he listened to what one ragged old woman had to say about her troubles and the bad conduct of some of his men. A sharp order went out after them, and then Washington raised his hat, bowed to the old woman and mounted his horse while she walked away as erect as a ramrod.

There were other things which Dan had stored away in his memory, but it was necessary for him to stand still and try to collect himself before he could arrange in his mind the several processes by means of which he had crept into a plain blue uniform, without any epaulets or gold lace, and had become settled in one of the smallest upper back rooms of an aged dwelling at a little distance from the Wadsworth house. Moreover, he had fully ascertained the fact that his immediate duties would not include the storming of the British works upon Boston Neck or elsewhere. Such as they were they grew out of the other fact that the General had discovered that his new cadet was well acquainted with the locality and character of every regiment of that army. He also knew the names of numbers of the officers, and was therefore the right kind of young fellow to spring upon the back of a pony that was accustomed to be hitched in front of the quarters and gallop away with a despatch without having to wait for directions. He could find anything or anybody, and that was precisely what he was there for. Dan liked that pony because there was so much

run in him, and he liked his duties, but he was not the only "orderly" that was kept on the run by the General's desperate efforts to get his forces into fighting condition. He did not spare himself and he did not spare other men, for right before him, across narrow bits of water, was a continual warning of danger, and every now and then it spoke in the thunder of the enemy's cannon.

All the while during every hour of those days, there had been a kind of hunger growing in Dan. It had a gripe of pride in it, for it made him say to himself, in the intervals between his other thoughts and as he looked at his beautiful blue uniform:

"Oh, but don't I wish the folks at home knew about this!"

He thought of what they would all say if they could see him on that pony, and how to let them into the matter had not yet been made plain to him, but he was provided with a messenger of his own, one afternoon. He had returned from a brisk pony ride, to the fort on Prospect Hill and back, and had delivered his return despatches to the officer on duty. He came out in front of the quarters and was

fixing the hitching strap of the pony when something that he saw coming made him turn around and yell, without saying anything in particular that could be understood except:

"Nat! Nat!" and then he dropped the strap and made a jump.

"Dan!" was shouted back, and there was another jump.

Then the two friends stood still for a moment, for Nat was looking the cadet all over, from head to foot, and Dan was almost unpleasantly aware that his military appearance was undergoing inspection.

"Well!" said Nat, "I guess you ain't an officer, yet."

"No, sir-ree!" replied Dan, "but I'm goin' to be, one o' these days. How are all the folks at home?"

After that came a rapid crossfire of questions and answers on both sides, and it came out that Nat had been sent to camp with a full cargo of letters, verbal messages and some other things from the good people of Lexington, and with tremendous instructions as to the kind and quantity of information he was to bring back with him. He was making his

collections this afternoon, and was already well loaded, if he could remember all that had been said to him, here and there. He had not been ordered to bring Dan home, exactly, but his instructions concerning him had largely been given by Aunt Dorothy, and she had neglected nothing, not even the British army and its probable capture by her nephew. Nat had had no difficulty in finding his friend, for Captain Martin had told him of the promotion, but he had reached the headquarters loaded down with a whole haystack of envy.

"Oh, it's awful!" he had exclaimed, after leaving Captain Martin. "If there's to be any battle, General Washington 'll be right out in front, leadin' his men, an' Dan'll be there with him, where he can see all that's goin' on. They'll have a better chance than anybody else will. Oh, but don't I wish I could be with 'em."

He was a little wild as to the proper position of a commanding general in a great battle, away out in front of the line, sword in hand, mowing down the enemy, but he was right as to Dan's superior opportunities for

knowing a great deal of what might be going on. Now at last, however, his interest once more settled itself upon the new uniform.

"Dan," he said, "you never looked so well before in all your life. It makes you look taller, too, but that there blue won't stop any musket ball. I'd ruther be behind a fence—stone fence an' real thick."

"So'd I," said Dan. "Such a fence as some o' them were along the Concord road or the one we helped pile up on the top o' Breed's Hill, with lots o' mud heaped in on it. When are you goin' home?"

"I guess I'll have to go first thing to-morrow morning," said Nat. "But I'm goin' to be in the army again as soon as they'll take me. I'll be an officer, too, one o' these days. You see 'f I don't!"

"I guess you will," said Dan, hopefully, but an officer in the piazza of the quarters was shouting to him, and it was time for Nat to go.

He walked away a little distance and then turned sorrowfully to see Dan dashing away on his pony, and he watched him out of sight.

It was very pleasant for Dan to hear from home and to know that all his folks, and the village people, too, were to be informed concerning the cadetship and the blue uniform. He was glad to know that his father was getting almost well and would soon be able to return to his regiment for duty. He felt and thought a great deal about it all during that evening, but there was only one of him, after all, and he could not think and feel anything like as much as could be done by a whole household. All that was in him was only a cupful compared to the excitement in the Monroe homestead the next forenoon, when Nat Harrington came in to deliver his wonderful load of army news. The way he was taken hold of might have been too much for any but a very tough boy, and while the skirmish was going on with the women in the parlor Dan's father got out of his bed and walked away out among them without so much as limping. Then he had to sit down and listen until he could break in and get a chance to ask questions of his own about General Washington and how it was that Dan had obtained so very extraordinary and unex-

pected an elevation. He made Nat tell him all the particulars of Dan's first interview with the Commander-in-Chief, and he broke out into fits of laughter over some points of the narrative. After each fit, however, he would sit and look with an immense amount of fatherly pride in his face as he told Nat to go on and tell the rest of it.

"It'll be a good thing for the General," remarked Aunt Dorothy, "to have such a fellow with him as Dan is. I've a better opinion of that man than I ever had before. There's some good sense in him, after all,—if he did come from Virginia and if he does own a crowd o' slaves."

Some other things that she said appeared to indicate an opinion that General Washington was now undergoing improvements which were likely to be permanent. If he continued in the right way he might actually become a born New Englander, or something nearly as good. At all events he was now to have her pet nephew around and on hand, to look out for him and see that he didn't get into any serious scrapes.

It was all over at last and Nat went home,

but Aunt Dorothy slipped quietly up stairs and lifted the lid of her treasure chest and took out the handsome sword she had purchased of the Quaker heir of old Ford Fenner.

"It's a real good one!" she declared of it. "It'll be good enough for Dan himself to carry, after he gets promoted. He'll have to wear a sash, too, an' a finer uniform. He must have this, an' his mother and I'll pay for his uniform. I suppose he'll wear a cocked hat, too, and epaulets."

She paused there and put away the sword and stood looking out of a window as if somewhere, away out yonder in the future, she could see a handsomely dressed young officer in command of a regiment of soldiers.

Dan himself was not only looking well that morning, but he was feeling as if he had again been promoted, for he was receiving orders as a soldier and not as a mere errand-boy. He was not getting them directly from Washington, but from General Ward, and a pretty long conference had preceded the orders. Dan had been sent for, and on his arrival had been led into a side room at the General's

quarters. Nobody else was called in, and on a table lay an outline map of all the land and water around Boston.

"Dan," said the General, "you told me and you told General Washington that on the night when you made your last trip you were nearly captured by a British patrol party which had landed and was in a house not far from the Salem road and Winnissamet. Show me the spot, as near as you can."

"Right there," said Dan, putting a finger on the map. "It's about two miles west of north from opposite Norton's Point. Pretty nigh in a north line across the bay from Breed's Hill. From there I went down the bay to Noddle's Island and then along the shore."

"Well, Dan," said the General, "we could find it without you, but you can walk right to the spot. It is really a British outpost and is most likely the very place where they get their letters from the interior. It is important to have it broken up. I will have a picked party of fifty men, under Captain Andrews, of your regiment, and you must go with them

to-night and guide them to that house. Don't say a word to anybody."

Dan's face was saying "Hurrah!" but his mouth was barely capable of responding for him.

"Yes, your Excellency—I mean General Ward. I can do it! I'd like to go an' take every mother's son of 'em,—and I'd better have Captain Andrews with me,—and the men. I might need 'em. We can creep along the shore an' get between the house an' the water an' ketch 'em like so many woodchucks."

"Catch 'em?" said the General, laughing heartily. "Of course you will. But you and the captain had better take the best men he can get, for the British 'll probably show fight. They do, sometimes. You must play Indian."

That was precisely what had been ordered by General Washington himself, for he had known that a movement by any considerable body of men, in the daytime at least, would surely be watched by the enemy and would be prepared for or avoided. At the same time he had no intention of extending his lines any

further or of posting a permanent force on that north shore beyond easy supporting distance.

Dan went at once to report to Captain Martin, and from him to Captain Andrews. He found him to be a grizzled old veteran, who had seen much service in the French and Indian wars and who had distinct notions of the manner in which such an excellent thing as this ought to be done.

"The Gineral's right about making it a surprise," he said. "It's just like him. He knows all about bush fightin'. Glad Gineral Ward picked me. I know the men I want with me. There won't be any fools along. None but good shots."

"The General said fifty of 'em," remarked Dan.

"Not a man too many," replied the Captain. "But there isn't anything to prevent our settin' out early in the day. We can cross the Mystic at the Malden road ferry and slip back among the woods an' hills an' lie still till night. If we didn't, we might have too long a march on our hands after dark, mebbe ten or twelve miles, an' git there tired.

Dan, you'll have to carry a gun, yourself. I won't have any unarmed men along. Most likely, we'll have a sharp little bit of a scrimmage. Hope we will. I want some fightin', after campin' it so long without any."

By the plans of Captain Andrews, therefore, which would doubtless have been approved by Washington if he had been consulted, the little column of fifty riflemen was in motion toward the ferry not long after noon. When it set out, it offered to Dan or to anybody else an instructive object lesson as to the real nature of that siege and its operations. It was true that the American army appeared to be lying quietly in its camps as did the British garrison of Boston. It was true that the only activities plainly visible on either side related to the construction of earthworks and to the putting in position here and there of another gun. Not many of these, indeed, had yet been obtained by the besiegers, but Washington was sending to old Fort Ticonderoga after some of the heavy cannon captured there by Colonel Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys, and it was hoped that they would arrive one of these days. All the

while, however, and at many points along the extended lines, there were small fighting affairs going on between the outposts and with the British foraging parties. One curious feature of these skirmishes, large and small, had been the services rendered to the Americans by the Stockbridge Indians and a few other red men. They made capital scouts and videttes.

The men so carefully selected by Captain Andrews had all been eager to go with him upon such an undertaking, and a soldierly looking lot they were in spite of the striking defects in their uniforms and the exceedingly varied character of their weapons. It made Dan Monroe think of the Lexington company of Minute Men to look at them. As for himself, he was bubbling over with satisfaction when he was provided with a short-barreled but serviceable rifle and a dozen rounds of ammunition.

"The man that owned it was killed at Bunker Hill," he was told. "But the boys fetched it in when they retreated over the Neck and not one bullet had he left in his pouch. The whole lot that he had with him

had been fired away at Howe's reg'lars, when they kem up the hill."

Those now in the pouch had been made with the aid of a pair of molds which had been found there, and there was powder enough, and not a kernel to waste. It was therefore a weapon to be proud of, and Dan looked carefully at its flint, to make sure that it should not miss fire in case he was to have any battle to fight that night.

"There couldn't any of the others fellows lend me any bullets," he remarked, thoughtfully. "Their lead wouldn't fit the bore o' this rifle if I should run out."

On they went, not in any particular order, at first, but more like a half-hundred of hunters who were out after game. That was what they really were, and with no more certainty of finding any than were other hunters, in any kind of woods or mountains. The march to the ferry was deliberately made, for Captain Andrews refused to be in a hurry. It therefore used up some time for them, and once across the river he pushed right on into the country for more than a mile before he wheeled his little band to the eastward, to-

ward Winnissamet. Slowly, cautiously, they went on, and it was getting dark when they reached a piece of dense forest, about a half mile from the shore. It was at this point that Dan found himself fully appointed or elected as guide, and that was almost the next thing to being captain.

"Now, Dan," said Captain Andrews, "do you think you know your way? Tell me just where we are, with reference to that house."

"Why, it's off yonder," said Dan, pointing, "and it isn't so far away, either. We'd better get right down to the shore, through the fields, an' then along to the landin'. That'll put us between the river and the house. What I'm afraid of is that we won't find any British boats there."

"That's very likely," said the Captain, "but we can search the house an' then set an ambush for' em, when they come in. They'll come."

The moon was up and the light of it warned them to be exceedingly careful about exposing themselves, but they felt sure that they had reached the shore without detection. They halted under tree shadows and Dan went

forward alone to reconnoiter. It was the proudest moment of his life when he stood behind a rail fence not far from the landing-place and looked out upon the moonlit water. A gentle breeze was blowing and the light was quivering upon the ripples across which he thought he saw some large, dark objects moving toward him.

"No," he said to himself, "they're not showin' any lanterns, but I guess I know what they are. I mustn't hurrah, either."

He had to shut his mouth hard to prevent its doing so for him, in spite of his determination to keep still, and his only safety for prudence was to turn and hurry back to his riflemen.

"Captain Andrews," he whispered loudly, as he reached them, "I can see 'em! I heard a sound of oars. Boats, coming!"

"Hark, men! Listen!" growled the Captain. "I guess you're right, Dan, but we won't keep 'em from gettin' to the house. That's our trap."

"I always wondered," said Dan, "how that squad I left here got away. I sent their boats loose, an' both of 'em were taken by

our boys up the river. Mighty good boats, too."

"Humph!" said the Captain. "All that party had to do was to lie still until morning an' signal the patrols that came out in search of 'em. Hist! I can make out three boats, now, full of men, headin' for that landing. Guess it means a foraging party into the country."

It might be that or it might be only a strong guard for mail matter, but whatever it was, the British boats were soon at the landing and their passengers went ashore, believing themselves to have done so unobserved.

"Two officers," muttered Captain Andrews. "Twenty-two muskets and it may be there are more at the house. If that's so, we may have our work cut out for us. I think we must take care of the boats first."

The conduct of the British party was not at all reckless. One man was stationed as guard at each of the boats, and these were moored only a few yards apart. Then the rest of the party formed column and marched up to the house in the perfect silence, which was prudent in an enemy's country, even if they

supposed themselves to be in no immediate danger. They were out of sight up the road in three minutes and the campaign arrangements of the experienced American commander were quickly made.

"Men," he said, in a low voice which went no further, "the chaps at the house 'll most likely be watching beyond, more than toward the water. I'll count off ten to capture the boat guard."

He did so, and Dan, to his great satisfaction, was not one of the ten selected for that seemingly easy duty.

"Now," he said to them, "creep in as near as you can and be ready to rush in on 'em as soon as you hear a shot fired at the house.—Men! All ready! Silence! Up the road on a double quick."

His forty riflemen ran well, but they made no other sound than the rapid trampling of their feet, and the captain's plan worked like a charm. The British soldiers had indeed all reached the house, and for some unexplained reason they had all marched in, but there had been no time given them for stationing sentries outside. The racing Americans had all

but run against the front of the house when Captain Andrews loudly shouted:

"Surrender!" and added, in a lower tone: "Dan! Fire!"

Dan understood that he was to give the appointed signal to the men at the shore, and he intended to fire in the air, but in his haste he aimed at an upper window and the crash of a pane of glass was followed by a sharp succession of screams and the voice of a woman exclaiming:

"Oh! Oh! Oh! The rebels are here! We shall all be murdered!"

At the next moment there came from the riverside the report of a musket fired at random by one of the guards as he saw what was evidently an overwhelming force of his enemies rushing upon him through the moonlight. He could not be sure that there were not a thousand of them. Neither he nor his comrades dreamed of offering resistance under such circumstances, and their weapons were quickly handed over to their captors. So were the boats, but these were searched in vain for anything of value except the oars.

"Who's there?" had been the almost

breathless response to the summons of Captain Andrews, and there were astonished faces at the windows.

"Harrison's regiment of Americans!" roared out the Captain. "It's no use for you to fight, an' it's no quarter if you do. I pledge you my word that if you fire a shot I'll shoot every man of you!"

The moonlight itself was a strong reinforcement to his demand, for to the eyes at the windows it seemed as if all the neighboring fences and bushes and trees bristled with ready rifles. Resistance was therefore an altogether hopeless undertaking, for the farmhouse was but a poor fort.

"I surrender!" faintly responded the unlucky British lieutenant upon whom that sad duty fell, and then he and his men were shortly marching out in single file to lay down their arms. As they did so, under the controlling influence of many leveled guns, Dan and three of the riflemen went hastily into the house to make searches. Lamps and candles had already been lighted by the inmates, of whom there were several, men and women.

The business of disarming the British sol-

diers was left to others, for the American commander, after receiving the sword of the lieutenant, felt a deep interest in that search.

"My name is Herts, Colonel Harrison," said a tall man who stepped forward to meet him as he entered. "I'm a true patriot. We are thanking God that you came. We might ha' been plundered of all that's in the house——"

"You miserable Tory!" roared Captain Andrews. "Don't I know what you are? Hold up your hands! Men, search every hole an' corner!"

The hands of Mr. Herts were quickly tied, but not those of the women, and one of these was a girl of about fifteen, who was now slyly beckoning to Dan from the doorway of the back entry.

"Upstairs!" she whispered, as he sprang forward. "I and mother and Aunt Cornelia ain't Tories, if Uncle Joe Herts an' the rest are. Just do you come up into the upper front room. I'll show you where they put things."

Up went Dan, preceded by his eager guide, while the other searchers were busy below, including the not over-polite or ceremonious

fellows who were going through all the pockets of Lieutenant West and his men after anything in the nature of treasonable correspondence. That is, of treason to the Continental Congress and not to King George. They took, indeed, whatever they happened to find, leaving the decision of its precise character to a subsequent investigation. There was no time, just then, to determine whether a half sovereign or a crown piece was or was not strictly contraband of war. Some of them had been told to regard as such anything which might be of future service to the enemy.

There was a candle burning dimly in that upper front room, but when Dan looked around him he could see no other door than the one he came in by, but a broken pane in the window told him where his shot had gone.

"Quick!" said the girl. "My name is Myra Wilbur. Pull out the bed."

It was one that stood against the back wall, and as soon as it was hauled away Dan began to understand the matter. He saw a low, sliding door, and when he stooped and took hold of it there was no lock to prevent him from shoving it open. Myra came behind him

with the candle and he peered in, but at first he could see nothing except what appeared to be the back garret of the house. Any amount of searching might have failed to discover that place if it had not been for Myra.

"It's a first-rate hiding-place!" exclaimed Dan. "Give me the candle."

"Oh, sir," she said, with tears in her eyes, as she did so, "it's all there. Oh, I hope your men won't hurt any of our folks. They haven't really done anything wrong that I can see. They didn't shoot anybody."

"Well," said Dan, "I guess they won't be hurt. But I won't even tell that you showed it to me, so nobody'll blame you. Tell you what, though, Captain Andrews must come up himself an' get those things in there."

There was not much to be seen, indeed, but it occurred to him that he was not the proper person to take possession of whatever it might be. It appeared to consist of a couple of small leather sacks, a tied-up bundle which might have papers in it, or almost anything else, and a dozen or so of muskets with their bayonets and accouterments. Myra had swiftly disappeared down the stairway, and Dan now

"It's a first-rate hiding-place!" exclaimed Dan. — *Page 206.*

closed up the hiding-place to go and make his report to the Captain.

"Found it, did you?" he exclaimed. "Well, if you ain't a sharp one! I'll go right up. We haven't captured a great deal down here, and we must get off out of this as soon as we can. I heard something that made me suspect another lot o' British are coming, and it isn't worth while to guess just how many there may be of 'em."

"Come on, Captain," said Dan, eagerly. "I'll show you something."

Up they went, and in a few minutes more Captain Andrews appeared to have learned all he cared to learn right away concerning the character of the plunder taken in that back garret. He only looked into the sacks and tied them up again, and a brief examination of the bundle enabled him to say of it, with a growl of anger:

"There's enough there to settle the business for some of our Tories, if not for some that call themselves patriots."

"Glad we got it!" said Dan, "but now I want to tell you about Myra Wilbur. None of her folks must know anything about

it——" and then he went on with a hurried explanation of the manner in which he had discovered the closet.

"Just shut up about it, Dan," replied the Captain; "some other time I'll tell you things that we haven't any time for now. She's all right."

Dan had to be satisfied, and they went down stairs, and then the Captain's movements and orders were exceedingly rapid as he transferred the prizes from the garret to one of the boats. These were to be taken up the Mystic to the Malden ferry, and only men enough for strong crews were put into them, as there was almost no danger of a recapture at that time of night.

"That is," said Captain Andrews, "if they get off right away, before the foraging party under Major Smoot comes around from Boston. Some o' the prisoners were whispering about it, just now, an' from what they said it may be two full companies."

There were two things which pleased Dan in the swift arrangements for departure which were made by Captain Andrews. In the first place, no kind of harm was done to

any member of the Herts family. They were not even made prisoners, and the secret of Myra's patriotism was strictly kept. It was true that the time for excessive severity in the treatment of Tories had not yet come. Not one of them could reasonably be accused of any offense against the laws, either of the colony or England, because of adhering to their lifelong convictions of duty to the government under which they had been born. They had a legal right to maintain that the king and his parliament were an authority above that of the colonial legislature, or even of the rebel generals and their forces. The other pleasant thing for Dan was that he was ordered into one of the boats and would have no more marching to do, that night. All the captured arms and equipments were also thrown in as baggage. Then Captain Andrews and his prisoners marched away along the river road, for they were now under no need of concealing themselves from British or Tory observation.

The boats pulled off, and Dan was in the stern of one of them, but he was not looking forward, up the river. He had turned his

head and was staring in the direction of Noddle's Island, if he could have seen it at that distance and by moonlight. He was thinking of a night when, all alone and in the dark, he had paddled a birch-bark canoe across that now glimmering sheet of water.

"I had to sneak along shore that night," he was thinking, "and they came pretty near ketchin' me, in spite o' the dark an' the rain. Hullo! I can see somethin' coming, now. Boys, pull your best! Look away yonder!"

A chorus of exclamations replied to him. for their eyes were as good as his and there could be little doubt but that several black streaks which were beginning to be visible had danger in them. That is, they would have had if the rowers of large barges loaded with men were at all likely to make as good speed as did these three which were racing away from them. Still, the fact that they would not overhaul the fugitives spoke well for the prudence of that cunning campaigner, Captain Andrews. He had not been any too prompt in sending off his boats and marching away with his men.

Dan soon felt more secure, for he was now

no longer able to see the threatening streaks upon the water and he could think of some other things.

"Myra Wilbur's real pretty," he remarked to himself. "She isn't any Tory, either. Oh, but wasn't I wet an' tired when I got to Friend Willis's house that night! I wonder what General Washington'll say to this affair. I'll tell him he was real lucky in pickin' out the very night when the British were to be here."

He was very young and he did not know precisely what the proverbial "luck" of the Virginia Fox sometimes consisted of. Neither then nor afterwards did any unwise person, certainly not the American Commander-in-Chief himself, let out the fact that full information relating to the British postal station at the Herts place had been furnished to General Ward by a patriotic "Tory" lady by the name of Wilbur, enabling her daughter Myra to be fully prepared beforehand to show somebody or other the way to the closet-garret. If she picked out Dan instead of anybody else to go with her and find the muskets and things, it may have been because

he did not appear to be so very much older than herself, and she might hope that a boy of his age would prove less ferocious than that really terrible looking soldier, Captain Andrews, or any of his bearded riflemen.

Up the river went the boats, in the night stillness and the moonlight, and even the regular dip of the oars may have had something to do with the fact that long before the prow of the craft he was in bumped against the wharf at the Malden ferry, Dan Monroe was sound asleep in the stern.

CHAPTER TENTH

LOOKING FORWARD

DAN had another sleep at the camp of Captain Andrews, and it used up all of the next forenoon. When he got up his first report had to be made to Captain Martin, and afterwards he found his way on foot to the Wadsworth house, to report to Major Thomas Mifflin, General Washington's aid-de-camp. He was called in, of course, but the first thing he discovered was that Captain Andrews had been there before him. The next thing was that the Captain himself, and not Cadet Monroe, was considered to have been in command of the night expedition. That was really what he had expected, and he was all the more surprised when he was immediately ordered to pass on into the General's room and answer a number of questions put to him by the great man himself. In his unspoken opinion enough must have been told already, but he braced himself firmly and gave his account

in his own way. It was a pretty severe ordeal, and at the end of it he did not imagine how much had been learned from him that had not been obtained from anybody else. It was one of Washington's ways, for he was in the habit of learning minutely the management of every piece of work which he ordered, whether in peace or in war. Long years afterwards, when his old diary was found and printed, readers might have discovered from its peculiar memoranda precisely how he kept himself in touch with all parts of the armies under his direction. He did not obtain his ideas from official reports only, but from private soldiers, citizens, and especially from bright young fellows who were sure to remember things which older men had failed to notice.

Dan got away at last, with a vivid idea that he had been overfatigued again by severe and important military service, but Major Mifflin had another errand ready for him right away and the pony was also on hard duty. It was not until two days later that he could manage to get an interview with Captain Andrews and learn anything more about the conse-

quences of their grand expedition. He was then informed that only a small part of the mail captured had been of any great military value. Most of the rest had been of so innocent a nature that the letters were forwarded to their respective addresses by Washington's orders. Besides these there were the muskets in the garret and those of the prisoners, about forty in all, and these were enough to complete the arming of one gunless American company.

"But what about the prisoners?" inquired Dan. "There was a lot of 'em."

"Not so many as I wish there was," dryly responded the Captain. "You see, my boy, taking of 'em was a long sight better than killing of 'em. If there's anything I like in a campaign like this it's a man trade. I'm fond of horse trading, too. Why, it's this way. In an exchange of prisoners you swap man for man with the enemy, even change, and if it's our folks you feel as if you was getting back ten times as much as you paid. I just do like to make a good bargain."

That was his opinion of the relative commercial value of American patriots and Brit-

ish grenadiers, and every household in New England from which a husband or a son had been taken prisoner was prepared to agree with him. He also told Dan that one important result of their work had been the probable permanent breaking up of one of the principal channels through which the British generals had hitherto obtained regular information concerning the affairs and purposes of the American army.

After that, as the days went by, Dan was continually irritated by hearing accounts of other small expeditions, by night and by day, here and there, at point after point, in none of which he was permitted to have any share. It was almost as if the war had decided to go on without him, and he would have given anything to have been in those exciting affairs.

The month of July had slipped away. It was now August, and for all that Dan or anybody else could see the surrender of Boston was as far off in the future as ever. There were prominent men in the army, and more in Philadelphia, who said as much complainingly, and it may have been for the purpose of suppressing unreasonable grumblers that

Washington now and then submitted to grave councils of war of his generals several evidently impossible plans for attacks upon the British garrison. After considering them, it was easier to see that he was already doing all that he could and that anything more would surely result in disaster. At the same time, the skirmishing which had so aroused the jealous war spirit of Dan Monroe had often been quite severe and had aided greatly in keeping up the spirit of the patriot army, while the failure of so many of its foraging expeditions had been a sore affliction to the enemy. The building of strong works at several places continued almost uninterruptedly, and it began to look as if the time had gone by for any successful attempt of the besieged to break through the tightening fetters which Washington was drawing around them.

A cadet, on duty as one of the headquarters "orderlies," was not exactly building forts, but he was helping, and all the while he was learning a great deal about them and about all the routine of military affairs. He had received more than one prod from Captain Hale, and even from Major Mifflin, concern-

ing what else he might acquire from the books which they recommended, and his hours off duty were well filled. It was well for him, however, that he did not have to buy the books, for his small pay would hardly have covered them. If there was one line of merchandise scarcer and more costly than another in the American colonies in those days, it was any kind of literature. All that was to be had was imported, and the time of cheap printing had not yet arrived, even in England.

There was one great volume which Dan was all the while studying from day to day, without knowing it, and that was the character of General Washington. This was what all the people of this country and many in Europe were also doing, and they were finding out a great deal that was worth knowing. Not all of them had such good opportunities as did his young cadet, however. Dan saw him going out and coming in, mounted or on foot, alone or accompanied by members of his staff. He saw him, from time to time, meeting great men from that and other colonies, and in every instance appearing larger than any of them. There was one thing, however,

which sometimes came very near overwhelming Dan, and this was the positively tremendous "manners" of the General. Up to that date, as he discovered on reflection, his ideal in that respect had been the Honorable John Hancock, the stateliest statesman in the Massachusetts colony, and a little more careful than almost anybody else in his dress.

"But the General beats even him," said Dan to himself. "I don't know but it's partly because he's always in uniform and because every hair of it is always just so. Seems to me I never saw a speck of dust on it,—except when he came in from a ride. An' then I guess whatever dust there was got off an' crawled away. That black fellow of his just watches him, an' his grooms'd go sick if he had to look at them an' then at the coat o' one of his horses. He owns 'em all. They're his slaves."

With reference to that fact, however, he had obtained a new idea, which he intended to communicate to Aunt Dorothy Monroe some day. Every one of those black or colored men felt an immense amount of personal pride in belonging to the household of the

Commander-in-Chief. Not one of them would have resigned what he considered his commission to be owned by General Washington, on any account.

Stately and stern, yet kind, was invariably the grand face of the American hero, and there were not often any occurrences which could make him smile. There were a great many more which might well have saddened him. One of the worst of his annoyances was his continual discovery of how very small and mean some men could be, even while their mouths were filled with the noisiest declarations of patriotism.

One bright day in August Dan was standing by his pony in front of the quarters when an officer came out and handed him a folded paper addressed to the General.

"Cadet Monroe," he said, "mount! Take that to his Excellency. You'll find him at the new redoubt on Roxbury Heights. I think he will send no answer, but you will wait till you have his orders."

Dan sprang to the saddle and galloped away, for that new fort was one of the places he had been longing to visit. It was said that

it was very strong, and was to be mounted with large guns of long range when finished. Then it could send shot right into the streets of Boston and into the forts of its garrison, wherever they might be.

"If they did," he had thought, "we could never be sure whether we were hitting the British army or the town. It's mixed up awfully for any kind o' shootin',—but we could hit the ships, too."

The American General had no intention whatever of pouring a destructive bombardment upon the unfortunate people of the besieged town. They had suffered enough, from the beginning of hostilities, and were now enduring many kinds of severe hardships.

It was a pretty long ride from Cambridge to the Roxbury redoubt, and Dan made it a sharp one. He passed camp after camp without being called upon to give an account of himself. Not only was his neat blue uniform a sufficient passport, but he was now well known individually, for he had carried orders to almost all divisions of the army. He drew rein, at last, at the foot of a long declivity on the crest of which were heaps of earth which

were rapidly taking form, but among which as yet no guns were visible. Dan dismounted and led his pony up the slope toward a spot where several men were standing in and out of uniform.

"There's the General himself," he was thinking. "General Heath, too, and General Thomas and I don't know who all the others are. Hello! If that isn't Mr. John Adams. I haven't seen him before since I met him out in Lexington, just before the fight. The British came pretty nigh makin' a prisoner of him, but I thought he was away off in Philadelphia, now, at the Congress."

Mr. Adams had indeed been there, but Congress was now adjourned, to reassemble shortly, and the busy delegate from Massachusetts had taken this opportunity for a visit to his family and to the army and its commander, for whom he had the warmest admiration. At the present moment he appeared to be the chief speaker of the group in the redoubt, and well he might be, for he was trying to explain to his friends some of the peculiar features of the recent action and lack of action on the part of himself and his

fellow legislators. Beside him, or a little behind him, gazing curiously up into the face of Washington, stood a bright-looking boy of it might be eight or nine years of age.

Dan left his pony in the care of a soldier and stepped forward respectfully to deliver his despatch. As he did so Mr. Adams instantly ceased speaking, and the paper was opened, to be swiftly glanced at by the General, and then folded up again without comment.

"Wait, cadet!" said the General to Dan, curtly, and he turned again to Mr. Adams to make a sort of sharp questioning response to some of that gentleman's unpleasant explanations.

The other officers present were not by any means disposed to be silent, and General Thomas in particular followed his commander with a series of remarks, some of which might have been described as indignant if not explosive. Dan drew back, but not very far, and then he was looking upon what no man on earth had ever seen before. There was yet no independence of the American colonies, no united country, no flag to fight

under, no recognition by any European power. The great republic of to-day was a thing of the unimagined future, but for all that, here on Roxbury Heights were standing no less than three of its Presidents-to-be, for the boy was John Quincy Adams, visiting the camps with his father, who was to be the immediate successor of the General to whom he was talking. Away down in Virginia at that hour was Thomas Jefferson, who was to be the third in the line of our Presidential succession. Further off still, among the pines of North Carolina, Andrew Jackson was learning to read and write and to hate oppression of any kind, and Mr. James Madison was but five years old.

Dan was not thinking of future presidents, but he saw little John Quincy sidling nearer and nearer until he began to finger the bright tassels of Washington's sword and the General put a hand on his curly head while he said to his father:

"Mr. Adams, please let me hear the rest of what you were beginning to say."

"General Washington," replied the patriotic legislator, "I did wish to say one thing

that I shall repeat in Congress as soon as I have an opportunity. I made a thorough inspection of the army, from camp to camp, before coming to pay my respects to you. I am glad to say that you have accomplished wonders. I know, better than do some of the other men whom I have named, what mountainous difficulties you have had to contend with. I knew how it would be, before you came. In spite of all my confidence in your ability, however, I had not expected so much as this or so soon."

Washington bowed gravely, but did not make any verbal response, for at that moment he was raising a telescope to his eye. He was just the man to know when to make something else answer instead of imprudent words.

"Do you see anything unusual?" asked General Thomas, as he noticed a cloud passing over the face of his commander.

"No," replied Washington, "nothing but another ship of war coming in. She looks like a ship of the line, and there are vessels beyond her that may be transports under her convoy, with more troops. But I was thinking"—there he paused for a moment before

he continued—"I was thinking how well she comes in. She would hardly be able to do so, if the harbor were full of floating ice, or if the entire anchorage were frozen solid. That is a thing which sometimes occurs here, I am told. It is hot summer weather now, but it may be that the New England frosts will come to our assistance one of these days. Other things may come——"

"We are not likely to fight any battles on the ice," laughed General Heath, but Washington shook his head and lowered his glass.

"If they have many more troops coming," he muttered, "a hard freeze might let them out of the trap instead of letting us in. Strong ice might prove a reinforcement to either side."

There were therefore two views to be taken of the hard winter question, and the very redoubt they were in was part of his preparation for one of the possibilities which he foresaw in the snowy future.

"We shall have something a great deal worse than ice to deal with, I am afraid," growled Mr. Adams. "What is more in the

way of our success than anything else is unaccountable blindness. There are too many men whose eyes have not yet been opened wide enough to see that no American is any longer a subject of King George of England. Even some of our hottest patriots still insist upon describing themselves as Englishmen. They profess to believe that these revolted colonies are to this day part of the British Empire. The presence of this very army and our siege of yonder unlucky town prove that the soil we stand on is not British, and that it never again can be. We are free, and we must remain so!"

This was well known to be his hobby, on account of which he was enduring a great deal of abuse and even public derision. It was said that he had been pointed at and hooted in the streets of Philadelphia as a dangerous, traitorous and half-insane fanatic. He was so entirely correct, however, in his sweeping declaration concerning the blindness or the prudence of many other men that not one of even that splendid group of fighting patriots, all of them in arms against their king, ventured to say anything in support of the angry

congressman or to declare openly for independence. Washington alone responded, and his reply was that of a general commanding an army rather than that of a politician

"Mr. Adams," he said, "we must wait for some things, just as we do for the ice. But what we need most is more and heavier cannon and an abundant supply of powder. We shall need bayonets, too, if we are ever to close with the enemy—and all the while, the army must be fed."

"General Washington," loudly exclaimed Mr. Adams, "you must and shall have them. I tell you, sir, that upon your success in driving General Gage and his hirelings out of yonder town depends the whole future of the continent of North America. There is our shut door, which you must open. You hold the destinies of a great people in your hands, and I believe that you will surely win their freedom for them."

"There is a God of battles," said Washington, in a low and reverent tone. "Upon Him and not upon me rests our hope, and from Him must come our victories. . . . Cadet Monroe, take this despatch to General Ward

and this to Major Mifflin. Gentlemen, I must attend to some matters on the way, but it is time for me to return to my quarters."

He was in no haste, nevertheless, and some of them had a few words more to exchange with him, relating to one duty or another. When Dan reached his pony and was about to get into the saddle he turned his head to see that Washington's own horse had been led up to him and that John Adams appeared to be getting ready to ride away with him.

Dan was not at that moment thinking about great political affairs and had not grasped the question of national independence any better than had the other patriots of whose dullness Mr. Adams had been so bitterly complaining. On the other hand, however, he had not lost a word of what had been said about the coming of more British regiments and ships of war, or concerning the wonderful possibility of great fields of ice across which the forces of General Gage might march to assail the American army.

"I guess I can see one thing, anyhow," he said to himself. "That's just what the Roxbury fort is building for. It's away up there,

where the British can't get at it. It's just so with lots o' the other works, all the way from Cobble Hill to Boston Neck. When the British come across the ice, Washington means to let 'em see some harder fighting than they did on Breed's Hill. A good many more of us 'll be behind the breastworks this time, an' I guess we won't run out o' powder so soon."

Little John Quincy Adams had been sent away with one of the gentlemen who had come with his father, and the first and second Presidents of the republic which was to come rode away together without the slightest suspicion that he was one day to succeed them as chief magistrate of the nation they were building. Neither of them was enough of a prophet to look very far into that wonderful future. Not only they themselves, but a great many other men were to do and suffer much year after year, before any such seemingly fantastic dream could be realized. Just at this moment they appeared to be conversing so very confidentially that several officers who had mounted and followed them understood that they were in courtesy bound to pull in a little and keep out of earshot. They were wise,

but Dan Monroe could have told them of a well-uniformed horseman who, upon a former occasion somewhat resembling this, had been unfortunately less prudent. He had insisted upon improving his acquaintance with his commanding general and upon riding close alongside of him to get his share of whatever talk might be going on. Dan had been away behind, upon his pony, but had been near enough to see Washington draw his rein and turn in the saddle to look that too curious party in the face in utter silence. Every other man in the escort also pulled in, and so did the astonished man who was so severely stared at, until the nature of his error slowly dawned upon his mind. Then all rode on, and the General was not annoyed any more that day by conversational inquiries as to what he meant to do next, or anything else.

As for Dan, his most pressing ambition at present was to deliver his despatch to General Ward and then to get to Major Mifflin with the other before Washington and Mr. Adams should reach the quarters.

"I won't kill the pony," he remarked, "but he's got to foot it this time. For all I know

the General may want me for something else, right way, an' there's another pony in the stable."

He had imagined quite correctly, for when, an hour or so later, Washington saw him standing at the hitching post, beside the fresh pony, he beckoned to him, pointed into the house, and in five minutes more Dan was in the saddle again.

"I guess he never gets tired himself," said he as he rode off with his despatch, "but he can keep everybody else tired. I don't care, either, but what I'd like to see is a battle on the ice."

CHAPTER ELEVENTH

ARMY FASHIONS

SKIRMISHING, skirmishing, here and there, but with no important gains or losses on either side, and Dan never heard of one of these actions without wishing that he had been in it, instead of playing orderly. That state of dissatisfaction would usually last until he again looked into the face of Washington, but not any longer. It was really the biggest thing in the world to be where he could obey the orders of that man and he was really learning how to do his duty to the entire satisfaction of the General.

August had gone by and September was here, with the best of weather for camp comfort, but without any remarkable changes in the condition of affairs in the camps.

Dan knew that Mr. John Adams had gone back to Philadelphia, after a series of prolonged interviews with the Commander in Chief. The Congress was reassembling and

the busy member from Massachusetts would be in attendance with a thorough knowledge of all the requirements of the army. With the returning members of the national legislature and in many other ways, all parts of the country were sending to each other strong assurances of increasing patriotism and military spirit, but much of the latter had not yet been put into working shape. It could not do so until after the fall crops should be gathered in. Then the farmers would have time to get together at their homes and in the villages, like so many small rural congresses, and talk the matter over and find out how angry they were with England and how much they were willing to pay for it.

Among the most exciting pieces of news that went around, growing well as they traveled, were the accounts of the fitting out of privateers, followed rapidly by stirring reports of their early successes. As had been expected, the British authorities were fiercely denouncing them as "Yankee pirates," but they were already taking in important cargoes of supplies to the army before Boston. As for Dan, every time he heard of any exploit of

this kind, he felt a sort of sea fever warming up within him and wished for a moment that he were on the deck of one of those cruisers instead of only sailing around from camp to camp on the deck of a pony.

Next to these yarns in general interest, and sometimes beating them a little, were the vague but terrible rumors which came of the dreaded risings of the redmen on the western frontiers. Most of these came by way of New York, for all the Six Nations were reported to have formed a new league with the King of England. It was said that they were preparing to dig up the hatchet and aid him in putting down such of his white tribes as had rebelled against him and had refused to pay him any wampum for his personal adornment or any game for his wigwam. Already there had been small war parties among the more scattered settlements, and the knife, the tomahawk and the torch had begun their deadly work.

It was in one of the most beautiful of the hazy days which came at the end of the month that Dan Monroe was called upon to undergo a great external change. It was in some

respects a transformation and it affected him very deeply.

When General Washington arrived in camp he found many of his officers, but not any considerable number of his private soldiers, arrayed in various patterns of old militia uniforms, some of which appeared to have been preserved with care from ancient times and to have been originally planned for men of different sizes from those of the present wearers. The great mass of his men, however, were wearing such clothing as they had previously worked in upon their farms or in their shops. This was not at all in accord with his idea of the requirements of a permanent and well-regulated army, and as soon as he could he began to make efforts toward improvement. There are several accounts of the time and manner in which the tasteful and serviceable "buff and blue" was selected and adopted, but the actual making of it and fitting the men with it was by no means the work of a day. In fact, there was no small difficulty experienced in procuring the materials and there was more in finding tailors. Many of the artists who finally did the work on those

uniforms might rather have been called tailoresses. It was pretty well understood that whatever may have been the case at a later day, the cost of the earlier suits did not fall upon the general funds of the army, but upon the men themselves. Such a company, for instance, as that of Captain Martin, to which Cadet Monroe nominally belonged, made up for the greater part of men who had resources of their own, farms or other property, would be able to take the matter up very soon, and not a great while after it had done so there would be ugly consequences. In some long line of soldiers on review there might be here and there bright spots of blue and yellow correctness which were almost painfully brilliant in contrast with the prevailing un-uniform of the line.

Corporal David Monroe, for such was now the rank of Dan's father, had fully recovered from his Bunker Hill wounds and had returned to duty as a member of his old company in its new shape. Every man of it had been eager to exchange his homespun for the new and elegant rig of the Continentals, so much better every way than the detested scar-

let of his "redcoat" enemies, and a good deal of tailoring had been done in preparation for the arrival of colder weather. Corporal Monroe knew his son's measure well enough and so did two of the skilled needlewomen of Lexington, and it was not long before Dan received a message summoning him to his own camp. Permission to go was obtained at once, for he did not know but that the company had been wounded in some skirmish and had need of him.

A particularly hearty greeting awaited him, but he did not at first understand why he had been sent for, as the company was looking well. Hardly had he been able, however, to get the full benefit of a dozen or so of messages from his family before his father said to him:

"Now, Dan, I've something to show you. Come into the tent."

In he went, and in a moment more his father was asking:

"There, my boy, what do you think of that?"

Dan was silent with astonishment for a moment while he took into his hands a brand

new, beautiful uniform and felt it all over. It was decidedly the most stunning thing in that line that he had ever looked upon. He felt that it was something almost dangerous, and he inquired:

"But do you s'pose General Washington 'll let me wear it?"

"Of course he will," said his father. "Not only it's the right thing for the whole army, if we could get cloth enough, but it's the uniform of your own company, with only just those cadet changes on the collar and cuffs. You ain't entitled to put on an officer's marks quite yet, but I hope you will be, some day. Put it on and see how it fits you."

Dan was a little nervous about it, but his courage increased as he went on, and he soon succeeded in getting into that wonderful military shell. Then it was his father's turn to stare at him and turn him around and tell him that he had suddenly grown at least an inch.

"I declare!" he exclaimed. "I wish you could go and show that to your mother. She and your Aunt Dorothy sot up nights to make it, but they had to put in real buckskin for the yellow. It was from a lot that your aunt

bought at the sale of old Ford Fenner's things and she said then that she didn't know whatever she did it for but that it might come handy, some day. She says now that it'll outlast any woolen stuff that she could ha' laid her hands on. The blue cloth is good, too."

Dan believed that it was, and also that he was now more than ever a complete soldier of liberty, likely to look well in a fight, but it was needful for him to hasten back to headquarters, and he went out to mount his pony while his father stood in front of the tent to see him ride away. He rode as well as usual, but did so under an increasing mental burden. In spite of what Corporal Monroe had said, he was oppressed by an awful doubt as to the effect which that outfit might produce upon the ordinarily calm mind of General Washington, brave and great as he was. One of his unuttered thoughts took the dread shape of:

"I wonder if he'll know me. What if he should order me to take it off and put on the old blue again? That's a'most worn out, anyhow. I've worn it right straight along, rain or shine. Shrank like anything, too."

It was so. When he took off the old suit it had looked as if it had been made for a smaller boy and that it was about time for its owner to come and get it.

Dan's first experience on reporting his return helped to restore his confidence in the future somewhat, for neither the Major nor any of several other officers who were present appeared to know or care what he had on. He was just beginning to get the benefit of their remarkable blindness when a sudden shock struck him, for he was summoned to the presence of the Commander-in-Chief, in the inner room. He drew a long breath, brushed his hair back, and then he straightened up and marched in as courageously as he could.

The General was standing at a table with his back toward the door and there was a momentary relief in the fact that he did not even see his young soldier at first. He knew Dan had entered, however, for he had a lot of papers lying open before him and he put a finger upon one of them which looked like a letter of some sort, with a map tracing attached to it.

"Cadet Monroe," he said, "do you know the handwriting of your friend, Solomon Willis, of Boston? Is that his signature?"

"Yes, your Excellency," said Dan, stepping forward and making a careful inspection of a singularly irregular scrawl, "I've seen him write it. He always puts that mark between the Sol and the Willis, and he makes it look more like Sal and Wilts. He wrote it."

"That is what I was not entirely sure of," said the General, "and I'm glad to know. You are not to tell anybody that you have seen it. He is a true man and he informs us that some others are betraying us. Every man of them ought to be hanged!—Hello!"

The great commander, who would have stood firmly in the neighborhood of the loudest explosion upon a battlefield, had for once been taken altogether by surprise, for the astonished exclamation escaped him when he turned to look Dan in the face and warn him to hold his tongue concerning the Friend Willis correspondence.

"Yes, sir! General! Your Excellency!" stammered Dan. "That's it. All our company have been took by 'em. Mother and

Aunt Dorothy made it an' the buff part is real deerskin, and father wants me to go home an' let 'em see how it looks on me. Aunt Dorothy wants to fight——"

"Hurrah!" exclaimed the General, "I wish the whole army had that kind of aunts and mothers. It's the first furlough you have asked for. You may be gone one week. You may go, now. Orderly, tell Major Mifflin to come in. Hand these papers to Captain Dana."

Out went Dan, feeling assured that he had not actually frightened the General, and he did not now care so much for any effect which he might produce upon the officers in the large room. In less than an hour after that he held in his hand his promised furlough and could leave the camp without any danger of being arrested as a deserter. Transportation had not been provided for him, however, and he was only at liberty to find his way to Lexington as best he might. His first duty, of course, was to go and inform his father of his good luck and to make a report of it to his company commander, Captain Martin. Both of them appeared to be well pleased, for there

were home letters already written which he could carry with him, but the Captain was in a fit of discontent.

"It's all right, Dan," he said; "glad you're to take a rest from running errands. But his Excellency might a'most as well give a furlough to the whole army, so far as any good is concerned that we're doing here. Tell you what! I'm tired o' lying still! I want to see some fighting!"

"Well," said Dan, "I hope there won't be any till I get back."

"I guess there won't be any," half laughed his father. "If there is, we'll try and beat the British without you. You'll have to go home afoot, though, for there isn't one wagon going out in our direction."

"That's all right," said Dan, "I can foot it. I'll start right away."

He did not feel like wasting an hour of his precious furlough, and almost half of the afternoon was left to march in. The small knapsack that was slung over his shoulder would not be much of a burden to a seasoned old soldier like himself, but he did give a thought or two to the pony he had left behind

him, hitched in front of the headquarters. He would have been just the fellow to have shortened that march to Lexington.

"I wish I had him!" he muttered, as he left the camp behind him. "Four legs are better'n two, sometimes."

The belief in that old proverb came upon him more perfectly as he walked on, for his knapsack seemed to grow heavier, as if something or other had crawled into it. More than that had come, however, for he found himself unexpectedly loaded up with an amount of general attention which was not by any means made up all of admiration. There were other wayfarers upon the road, that afternoon, soldiers and others, and hardly one of them failed to halt him long enough to examine critically and to make original comments upon the new and brilliant uniform of the Continental Army.

He could get along pretty well with one man at a time, but not far beyond the Concord and southern road corners he fell in with quite a squad of critics who took hold of him as if he were a wandering crow.

"Now, isn't he a bird!" exclaimed a fel-

low with a long rifle who had taken him by the shoulders and turned him around.

"Tell ye what!" exclaimed another man, who was carrying a shotgun in one hand and a scythe in the other, "I see how it is. The Gin'ral's a-sendin' of him hum just for a specimen to show it off. But I guess he'd better have the rigimints filled up for larger sizes."

"Guess not," said another, "small marks ain't so easy to hit."

"Oh, well! That there rig's kind o' pretty," chimed in a third, "but I guess he never actilly smelt any burnin' powder."

"Boys ain't needed in the army," responded the first speaker, "but they do say Gin'ral Washin'ton's rakin' in all sorts o' small lumber."

"You fellows can shut up!" exclaimed Dan, with a flushed face, as he jerked away from the man who had put his hand on him. "I can tell you one thing. When all o' you were loafin' at home, or crawlin' around the roads, like you are now, I was in the Lexington fight and at Concord in the morning. I was there all night and all day."

"That wasn't a place for boys," interrupted

his critic, scornfully, but Dan stepped forward and shouted into his face:

"You were a stay-at-home! I was in the redoubt on Breed's Hill when the British came over the rampart and I saw the end o' the fightin' on Bunker. I saw General Howe's men come up an' go back. Up the hill, down again——"

"Hurrah!" shouted a strong voice from behind the rest of the squad. "Give it to 'em! Why, you wooden-heads! That's Dan Monroe, the drummer of the old Lexington company, an' he's a cadet at Gineral Washington's headquarters, just because he's smelt more real powder smoke than all o' the rest o' you put together."

They were not by any means bad fellows and they now crowded closely around Dan to ply him with a storm of all sorts of questions. They asked him about his new uniform and were indeed deeply interested in the future appearance of the American army, but they finished that subject quickly and then they wanted to know about the Commander-in-Chief, all his ways and surroundings and his manner of doing things, and how and how

soon he intended to drive the British out of Boston.

Dan could not tell them everything that they wanted to know, but he felt a good deal more at home in his buff and blue after all of them had roundly declared an opinion that it was about the right thing for a Minute Man who had helped ring the bell and call out the militia for the fight on Lexington green and who had been within a few paces of General Warren himself when he went down. They were all patriots and it was plain enough that their jealousy of so much military finery would leave them as soon as they could put on new clothes of the same pattern.

Dan marched on, but he had learned one thing pretty thoroughly. He was conspicuous, a kind of curiosity, on account of his rarity. Up to that date not one man in buff and blue uniform had been taken prisoner by the British, and it was likely that not one would be for some time to come. Letters from their officers to their friends in England were describing the ordinary rebel uniform as being something like a hunting-shirt made of linen or woolen stuff. It had double shoulder capes and on

the breast of it was generally lettered the motto, "Liberty or Death." That sort of rig would surely be out of date with the first frosts of cold weather, and this was one of the most powerful reasons why General Washington was considering the question of a permanent uniform for his troops. Just now, Dan himself was beginning to discover that this was one of those warm, Indian Summer evenings, when the best marching can be done more comfortably in linen than in woolen and buckskin.

"Tell you what!" he exclaimed as he pushed onward, "I'd give somethin' for that sorrel colt of ours, saddle or no saddle. I guess he's safe in the stable, just now, but he's one o' the best fellers in that village an' I mean to see him, first thing, to-morrow morning."

He had now been away from home so long, however, during so many weeks of war and through such an immense amount of varied experience, that he could hardly expect any animal he had left behind him to be still a colt. Even the boys and girls of his old acquaintance might have grown up, and the

village itself might have undergone important changes. As to the latter point he was able to inform himself soon after he walked along the road to the forks at the lower end of the green. It was a moonlight night and he could see clearly while he turned all the way around upon his feet.

"Well! It looks just as it used to," he remarked. "There! All the dogs are beginning to bark. There may be some new ones, but I know every dog that was here then. Perhaps some o' the pups can go it louder than than they could in those days, but it's all the same kind o' barkin' that they left off when Major Pitcairn and his redcoats halted at the foot o' the green. There was somethin' louder than dog music pretty soon after that. How the musketry did rattle! But it wasn't anything to the racket that was made along the Concord road or on Bunker Hill. I heard the whole of it, too."

Those were proud recollections, but they all died out of his mind when he drew near his own home. It was not yet eight o'clock and the village appeared to be exceedingly quiet, even for that hour. One reason for it may

have been that so many of its able-bodied citizens were away in the Boston camps, instead of going hither and thither among their neighbors. Some of them, indeed, were already sound asleep—under the sods of the first battle-grounds of the long struggle for American liberty.

Dan marched through the gateway and up to the front door. It was open, and he paused for a moment on the piazza, for he heard the sound of approaching feet in the hall. A beating at his heart seemed to be asking whom it might be that he was to be kissed by first, but he had really no cause for any immediate agitation.

A tall, gray-headed woman stood in the doorway, with a broom in one hand and a towel in the other, and a glance told him that she was an entire stranger, a new arrival whom he did not remember having seen before.

"Well, sir, what do you want?" she inquired, in a tone of house-keeperly authority, but she almost instantly changed her manner completely, for she added: "Oh, I see! You're some kind o' sojer. You're on your

way to jine the army. Come right in. We've had lots on 'em stop here an' we allers give 'em all they can eat. God bless 'em! My husband, he's with the Third Rigiment an' I kem away over here to stay with Dave Monroe's folks, 'cause our house had burned down. It was somethin' the matter with the chimbly. But I do say! Where'd you git them awful sojer clo'es an' what did they let you put 'em on for——"

"Are any o' the folks at home?" broke in Dan, with a desperate effort to find a gap in the flow of her eloquence. "I wish you'd go an' tell 'em there's a feller here from Boston an' he wants to know if they won't give him a night's lodging——"

"Bos'n?" almost screamed the woman in the doorway. "You're comin' from the army, 'stead o' going to it? Then you must ha' seen my husband. His name's Joe Hoover an' he's in the Third Rigimint an' I haven't heard a word from him for ever so long an' he may ha' been killed by the British——"

"Betty Hoover! Betty Hoover!" rang out in the hall behind her. "Do you shut up! That's my son! Dan! Oh, Dan!"

If it had not been for her broom, to put out and lean on, Mrs. Hoover might have been tipped over by the rush that pushed her aside and went past her, for the next yell in the hallway gloom came from Aunt Dorothy, and it was followed by other and only a little smaller yells from just a few paces further on. Mrs. Hoover held her breath and leaned back against the wall, saying first "I declare!" while Dan's new uniform was tremendously hugged, but then she exclaimed, enthusiastically:

"Oh, my! Hurrah! That's it! Well, I just don't blame 'em. For all they knowed, he'd been killed an' dead an' buried, an' now he's kem to life ag'in. I guess I'd feel that way, if Joe Hoover'd 'light in on us, kind o' sudden an' onexpected. An' if he'd ask if I'd give 'him suthin' to eat an' make believe it wasn't him. Oh, dear! I s'pose mebbe Joe 'll get killed in battle one o' these days, an' if he should——"

Precisely what, in her opinion, was likely to come next after the slaying of her husband by the redcoats, nobody there was to know, for the storm of welcoming questions around Dan

smothered all the other sounds in or near that entry. Then he was led on into the parlor, and through it into the dining-room, for Aunt Dorothy exclaimed to his mother:

"Why! you old gump! Don't you know? What he wants next is somethin' to eat, after havin' been so long in camp. He must be about holler."

Her idea that her nephew had not been given any rations since leaving his native village was a trifle extravagant, but Dan followed her as obediently as if she had been General Washington. There was a large lamp burning on the table in the dining-room, however, and he walked out into the light of it recklessly.

"Oh, my soul!" exclaimed Aunt Dorothy, as she stood still and stared at him. "I knew him by his voice, but I mightn't ha' recognized him, not at first sight, if I'd met him somewhere in that rig. It fits him, too, and I helped make it for him, myself."

"Dan," said his mother, "are they all going to look like that?"

"Not for a good while,I guess," he replied. "Most of 'em are wearing all sorts o' things,

but the General wears a uniform that's a good deal like this, only it's finer. He fetched it with him from Virginny, and oh, but isn't he splendid-lookin'! 'Specially when he's on horseback an' the critter's a cuttin' up shines under him."

There were many questions to be asked about him and his ways, after the letters had been delivered and read, but then the entire family, including Mrs. Betty Hoover, passed a unanimous vote that the war-worn soldier must go to bed, but he had again been informed precisely how the "chimbly" of the unfortunate Hoover homestead took fire from a crack in the bricks and burned down while its owner was away in the army. Dan went upstairs to his own room and to bed, and all the rest with one accord sat down as if they wanted to be still for a moment. Then Mrs. Monroe arose and walked into the parlor and opened a large book that lay on the center table.

"All of you come right in here!" she said, in a voice with quavers in it. "I'm glad to see Dan—and I want to read a chapter in the Bible."

"It'll do you good, too, and all of us," responded Aunt Dorothy, and Mrs. Betty Hoover added, emphatically:

"Yes! That's just what my husband would ha' wanted to do at sech a time as this, but he'd read too awful long, sometimes. I went sound to sleep, once——"

"For goodness sake, keep still, Betty Hoover!" commanded Aunt Dorothy, for Dan's mother was clearing her throat and struggling hard to begin the reading.

She succeeded, at last, and her voice grew full and strong and musical as she read on in one of the grand old psalms of David, the man of war. It was finished and she arose to her feet, and so did all the rest, but she only closed the book and looked up for a moment.

"No, Dorothy," she said, "we won't pray here. I want to kneel down in my own room. I want to talk with God about my husband and my son and about the army and the country. Good-night!"

"Dorothy Monroe," whispered Mrs. Betty Hoover, as she walked slowly out of the room, "did you see her face? 'Pears like, to me, I

never before knowed what an awful han'some woman she was!"

Down Aunt Dorothy's furrowed cheeks, for some unexplained reason, there were hot tears chasing each other, as she said: "I guess there's a good many a-prayin' for that there army."

And those who prayed believed that God was listening, for one of the strongest elements of the new national character which had been developed among the American colonists was that of religious faith. A very large proportion of them were the descendants of men and women who had crossed the sea to the wilderness for conscience' sake and that they might find and guard there the freedom to worship God which had been denied them in the old countries.

Dan had been tired enough to sleep well, but he was up at an early hour the next morning. He arose and put on his uniform with a feeling that he was now becoming pretty well acquainted with it and therefore with himself in it. His first exploring intentions related to the barns and their occupants, the animal membership of his old associations in Lexing-

ton. Downstairs he went, therefore, on a path which carried him through the kitchen. Nobody was in but Mrs. Betty Hoover, and she greeted him with:

"Good-mornin', Dan! How do you feel this mornin', after marchin' so fur? But I guess that there rig o' your'n isn't just the thing for farm work. It'll do well enough to kill British an' Tories in. I don't reely see why it's needful to take away all the good looks a feller ever had by fixin' of him up in that way. Them yaller facin's'll wear first rate, though, for they're genooine deerskin, an' any deer knows what to put on. If our house hadn't ha' burned down, I wouldn't ha' been here, but somehow the men that put up that chimbly didn't know beans about it an' they left a hole for the fire to git through an' it all went——"

Whatever else she may have been ready to say, Dan lost it, for he was escaping in the direction of the barnyard. The path to it was as weedy as ever, losing none of its old beauty, and he could see chickens almost everywhere and the cows whose heads were at the fence, waiting for some one to come and milk them,

had not changed a horn. Just then there came a blur into his eyes for a moment, and he did not see all things as clearly as he used to. There was something like cloudy weather in them, but it cleared up again as he went through the gate, for there, within ten feet of him, was his old pet, the sorrel colt.

"Hurrah! Sory!" shouted Dan, "I've got ye!"

That was his mistake, however, made by reason of a failure on his part to comprehend what might be described as the military situation. In the ancient days of their first friendship Sory would have come at his call unless he were feeling too buoyant, as colts will at times, but now he took one dismayed look at that awful uniform, neighed as if in fear, threw up his heels and went over the fence into the orchard.

"Hello!" exclaimed Dan, "what on earth's got into him?"

"Got into him?" responded the voice of Aunt Dorothy, in the barnyard gate behind him. "Nothin's got into him, but I guess he doesn't quite understand that rig o' your'n. Just as like as not, he thinks it's British and

that you're a Tory come to steal him. Come in to breakfast. Tell you what, too, I'd wear the old blue uniform, if I were you, all the time o' your furlough. Keep that one bright an' clean to fight in. Come!"

Dan followed her into the house, and when, at a later hour, he went out to catch the sorrel, for a long ride around the neighborhood, he was arrayed in the faded blue in which, up to that time, he had done all his headquarters errands for Washington.

CHAPTER TWELFTH

BUCKSKIN SHIRTS

In the last week of July the strength of the British garrison had been officially reported at not far from thirteen thousand men. The reduced population of Boston may have numbered about half as many. There were not by any means buildings enough, of all sorts, for the proper shelter and care of this miscellaneous collection of food consumers. There were but limited arrangements made for procuring fresh provisions, and the civilian part of them was often on short rations of any kind. The military part was beginning to feel more and more severely the evil effects of its prolonged confinement.

As the months went by and the state of affairs in the town grew worse and worse, the besiegers themselves were compelled to learn how to live on meager fare, and now and then to wait for it until it came.

Toward the end of October there was an

important change in the affairs of the garrison, for General Gage was superseded by General Howe in the supreme command and it was confidently asserted by the admirers of the latter that the victor of Bunker Hill, the hero who had led his men in person over the breastworks of the death-dealing American riflemen, would very soon do something extraordinary. He had men enough, truly, for more had come, and he had guns enough, but his appointment did not at all change the positions of those same riflemen over yonder where General Washington had stationed them and where he was daily adding to the strength of their defenses against anything like a sally of the British army.

It was on a fine morning early in November that there came a sudden and unexplained stir in the headquarters at Cambridge. Dan saw an officer ride to the front of the house, spring from his horse and hurry in. He did so like a man who had brought important news of some kind, and Dan would gladly have followed him if he had dared, but his duty just then was that of standing by the hitching post until he should be sent for.

"I guess there's been a big skirmish, somewhere," he remarked, as he looked after the officer; "like as not, General Howe's tryin' on one o' those hits of his. Anyhow, there's cannonading goin' on. Heavy guns. It sounds as if it came from Copp's Hill."

The thunder of another gun responded to him from far away, but if he had been in the inner office at that moment he might have heard the officer say a few low-spoken words which brought the General to his feet and made him start for the door without putting on a hat. His chapeau was quickly caught up and carried after him by his black "body servant" who had been in attendance, but that thoughtful and exceedingly respectful gentleman had to actually put the covering upon his master's head. Dan saw him do it, and he at once felt positive that something unusual, probably something awful, was at hand or had already taken place. What if the British were actually coming over one of the Necks? Or if another British army were landing on the coast? They ought to have done so, long ago, if they had had one to send and knew where to send it. They might be landing

at Salem, to attack Washington's army in the rear.

Dan heard a shout up the road, and he would have believed his ears that Washington uttered another, if that idea had not been so utterly absurd and impossible. Another hurrah made him turn, as the General himself had turned, for an eager look up the frosty highway, and at no great distance he saw the head of a column of marching men. This was no unusual occurrence, surely, in that neighborhood, but he saw that the Commander-in-Chief was watching that arrival with extraordinary interest. On it came, and a fine-looking body of men it was. They were stalwart, vigorous-looking fellows, armed with rifles. They were in complete uniform, too, for every man of them wore a well-made buckskin hunting-shirt, with Indian fringes such as the red warriors wore. There were no scalp-locks on their leggings, however, although many of them appeared to carry knives and tomahawks at their belts.

Now! Off came the hat of Washington once more, and from all the column went up a tremendous shout of greeting. Not a sound

did Washington utter in reply, and something may have been the matter with his throat when he attempted to say "Hurrah!" Silently, then, with excellent marching precision, the ranks of riflemen swung along until they were halted before the quarters and the General dashed out among them to shake hands with both men and officers in a most vigorous fashion.

"I guess he can't shake hands with 'em all," remarked Dan.

He left his hitching post, however, and walked slowly along the flank of the column until he reached its rear file, all the while bubbling over with curiosity to know what sort of reinforcement this might be. Not many paces further on he saw a tall, handsome young fellow, in a buckskin shirt which fitted him too loosely and without any rifle. He appeared to be a little taller than Dan, but certainly could not be any older, and was therefore a safe person to speak to, and Dan made for him.

"I say," he inquired, "who are all these fellers and where on earth did they come from?"

"They're some of General Washington's old Virginia riflemen," promptly responded the newcomer. "There are men there that were with him at Braddock's defeat and at Fort Necessity. He's known 'em all his life and they've marched all the way here to join him."

"Hurrah!" shouted Dan, "I don't wonder he's glad to see 'em. Guess I'd be, if they'd come to join me. Are you from Virginia? What's your name? Do you belong to 'em?"

"Yes, sir! I'm from the Old Dominion!" proudly responded his tall acquaintance. "I'm to be a cadet with them or in one of the other Virginia regiments. Most likely Colonel Hugh Mercer's. My name's James Monroe. What's yours? I ran away from college in New Jersey to get here."

"You don't say!" was the half-astonished reply. "Why, I'm Dan Monroe, of the Lexington company. I'm a cadet, too, and I'm on duty at headquarters."

Forward stepped the young Virginian, with hearty frankness, and now Dan had not only seen but was actually shaking hands with the

fifth President of the United States that was to be, one of these days.

"Do you know where your camp's to be?" was almost the next question.

"I can't say yet," replied James, "but you'd better call me Jim. That's about all the epaulets anybody's given me, up to this time. Just now I shall be camped with the riflemen, wherever they're to go. There isn't anything else settled with me till I can see the General. He knows my father, but none of my folks have any idea that I'm here. That won't matter with father, though, for he's a red-hot rebel."

"So is mine," said Dan. "He's a soldier, too. But I must get back to the quarters. General Washington's goin' in. I may be wanted."

On marched the tall Virginians, and on in their rear followed James Monroe, glancing swiftly around him in all directions. It was an hour of more than a little excitement for him. This was the first camp he had ever seen larger than that of a Virginia militia muster, and he had no prophet to tell him of the remarkable career, military and civil,

which was opening before him. He had escaped from college to enter the army, and here it was, all around him. He could not look into the future, however, beyond these almost cannonless forts and breastworks, these straggling lines of tents and huts, and see the smoke of the battles in which he was to distinguish himself. It would be truly a wonderful history. A lieutenant at eighteen, soon afterwards a captain, for gallant conduct in the New York and New Jersey campaigns, he was to be one of the iron men who shivered unflinchingly on the frozen ground in the winter camps at Valley Forge. Then he was to follow Washington across the Delaware River, on a day before a Christmas that was coming, and go down badly wounded at the head of the charging column in the main street of Trenton, beside the British cannon he was capturing. Years would then go by and he would become governor of his native State. After that he would be elected President and in another war with England he would see a British army march almost unhindered into the Capital of the Republic, while he was doing his best to save the national

archives and keep out of their way by a prompt retreat.

Just now, however, the very young volunteer was thinking of nothing except the exceedingly interesting things that he could see around him, and he also obtained what was like a piece of genuine good luck, so far as information was concerned. A swarm of New England and other soldiers came out to have a look at these newcomers, and all of them were disposed to walk along the flanks and ask questions, but the riflemen were especially proud of their orderly appearance and on this occasion more than another they refused to break ranks or to do more than turn their heads and give short answers when spoken to. Therefore a young fellow like Jim, who appeared to be somewhat loosely hung on at the rear, was fair game for the news hunters, and they went for him eagerly. They could not have pleased him better, for he had as many questions to ask as they had, and was a first-rate talker. Among other important things, he gave them an idea that all Virginia was rising in arms to repel an expected invasion upon its own coast.

Besides that, he could tell them of the regiments which were organizing in New Jersey, where he had been at school. On the other hand, he obtained from his questioners very clear expressions of their own idea that the New England riflemen were as good as those of Virginia, if not better. They also told him that there was almost continual fighting going on along the siege lines, of a kind in which a boy like him would be entirely unnecessary. The fact was that more than a little colonial jealousy was cropping out here and there, and if he had been older it might have enabled him to discover in it one of the chief sources of trouble for a Commander-in-Chief whose utmost prudence could not deliver him from the mischief of carping tongues or from false charges of many kinds.

"Isn't it queer, though," he said to himself, in one of his breathing spells from cross-questioning, "that the first chap I spoke to should be named Monroe? There's a big clan of us, North and South, and there's more of us over in Scotland. All the Monroes'll fight! Anyhow, he looks like a real good fellow. Wonder if he ever saw anything like a battle. I'll

ask him, and I mean to be in one, first chance I get."

Just at that moment the column halted, for it had reached its designated camping ground, and Jim sprang forward to take his share with the rest in the important business of getting settled—and getting supper.

Dan had returned to his post, but he had not been sent upon any errand right away and had time for some thinking. He also was somewhat exercised about the identity of his family name with that of Jim, and he determined to get an opportunity for inquiring how it came to be so. It was plain that they must have come from the same stock, originally, however they had scattered, and so he and Jim might be a kind of far away cousins.

"Besides that," he said to himself, "I want to know more about Virginia and all the South and the way they live down there. How do they get along with so much hot weather and with no winters worth speakin' of? No sleddin'. No skatin'. No kind o' cold weather fun. Oh!"

Without knowing it, he had struck upon a very important element of the American pol-

itics of the future. Sectional jealousies and the ignorance of people living in one part of the country concerning the ways of life of the people living in other parts were to be terrible sources or even causes of trouble during more than a century. This war for Independence was at that hour bringing the evil to the surface, but it would do away with some of it. In fact, the union of the States would have been impossible but for the strong personal friendships, the mutual knowledges, that were obtained in camps and battles. It was the war that consolidated the new nation. Not many years later, the War of 1812 took up the good work and carried it on. Something more in the same direction was accomplished by the war with Mexico, but the old evils were still at work in more than one shape, and a new generation arose which required all the stern lessons of the Civil War before it was finally convinced that all our people are one nation forever. It is at last thoroughly well understood, however, that only one political life can ever occupy the territory for the future freedom of which such boys as Jim and Dan Monroe and such grown up men as George Wash-

ington of the South and Israel Putnam of the North were willing to die on the battlefield.

Fairly good arrangements had been made in advance for the accommodation of the Virginians. They had brought tents of their own, but there was cold weather coming and it would be well for them if they should be able to construct as good winter huts as they saw among some of their neighbors. More of these were all the while going up, but the materials for them were coming from greater distances than at first and the difficulty of obtaining them and the scanty arrivals of firewood were among the causes of much grumbling. Reasonable men found fault with Washington because the Massachusetts farmers were not ready to cut down all their trees and haul them into the Boston camps. The riflemen were glad to get there, but they had before them something more than a winter picnic, and the question of shelter was not by any means the only one to be provided for.

James Monroe, the President that was to be, found a place in a tent and lay down wrapped in a blanket, but his eyes did not shut right away. He had his Virginia home to

think of, and the Greek and Latin lessons in the college classroom, at which he would not be present to answer to his name in the morning roll-call. Besides that, he had this great army on his mind and his own incomplete arrangements for serving in it.

"What I want to do," he thought, "is to see the whole thing. All the troops and forts and places. I want a good look at Boston, too. Well, I reckon I know how. I must go over and see Dan, first thing to-morrow. He can tell me how to work it."

After that he could slowly become sleepy, but it was the reason why Dan saw him coming toward the headquarters a little after breakfast time.

"Virginia Jim!" he exclaimed. "Just the feller I wanted to see, but I shall have other errands to 'tend to, soon's I get my orders. The Major told me he'd have 'em ready right away. What'll I do with Jim?"

That was a question of hospitality which settled itself at once when Jim shook hands with him and told how he and the riflemen had been cared for, adding an energetic statement of his own wishes for sightseeing.

"Hurrah!" said Dan, "we can do all that. I can get you a pony in five minutes. Then you can ride with me while I'm delivering my despatches, from one end o' the lines to the other. Just you wait here while I go for the pony. It's another like this, and he's out in our quarters barn."

Off he went, and by the time an officer came out of the quarters with a handful of papers and instructions for their delivery, James Monroe, of Virginia, was provided with as good as mount as Cadet Monroe, of Massachusetts. He was every bit as good a rider, too, and the boys went off together as if they had been old friends instead of new.

"I guess you're in luck about seeing things," said Dan, as they galloped on. "My first despatch is for the officer on duty at Cobble Hill. The General's makin' a tip-top fort there. It's opposite the place where he thinks the British are likely to land when they come over to fight a big battle with us. But then! We'll be ready for 'em. It isn't far from the shore, an' when you're on top o' that hill you can get a real good view of the whole Charlestown peninsula, forts and all."

"That's just what I want!" said Jim. "Tell you what's more, I borrowed a good spyglass from one of our officers."

He took it out from under his buckskin shirt, and Dan looked at it with envious admiration, for he had often wished for such a treasure, and knew that it took a good deal of money to buy one.

"You can see ever so far," he remarked, after they had halted a moment to let him squint through it. "It fetches things right up to you."

That was what he again discovered after they had reached Cobble Hill and Dan had performed his errand. There was a tall officer standing on one corner of the works and Dan remarked to Jim:

"That's General Putnam. He's buildin' these redoubts. You can look at him while I'm trying the glass on Bunker Hill."

Jim took a long stare at the Connecticut hero, for he was one of the very sights he was so anxious to see. He knew all sorts of stories about him and had not half believed some of them until he saw him. The General himself had a long-barreled telescope, and with it he

was just then scanning the opposite shore and a floating battery carrying the British flag.

"No signs of their coming out to-day," he said aloud, "but I believe Washington is right in saying that they will come, some day. They certainly will, if we leave them any weak spot to strike at. We want more cannon, but we can do a great deal for 'em with buckshot and ball."

It was now Jim's turn to take the glass, and Dan explained to him the several objects of interest which came within range of it. Not until then, however, did Jim have any idea that what Dan told him about the fights on Bunker Hill and Breed's and along the Concord road had been related by an eye-witness who had taken an active part in all of them. Dan's own envy concerning the spyglass was nothing at all to the jealousy with which Jim now looked at him as he lowered it and sighed:

"Oh, Dan, why wasn't I there! I'd give 'most anything to ha' been through what you have. I can see the ships, too. We haven't any."

"Yes, we have," said Dan. "Privateers.

Lots of 'em. But you'll see these ships better from some o' the other places. A good many more of 'em, too. I went right out among 'em, three times, in a canoe. I'll tell you all about it. Come on! I must be goin', and one o' my papers 'll take us all the way to the east end o' the lines. You can see the whole town, an' Boston Neck."

That was where Dan was partly mistaken. He had forgotten that his military operations were not altogether under his own direction. The distance from the Cambridge headquarters to Cobble Hill had been only a few miles, truly, and it would have been quite possible for him to have ridden afterwards as far as even Dorchester Heights, but he was not to make that excursion on the same day. At this very moment he was hailed by an aide of General Putnam, and was commanded, gruffly:

"Cadet Monroe! Despatch from General Putnam to the Commander-in-Chief. Ride your best, my boy! Mebbe the British are coming."

"Hurrah, Jim!" shouted Dan. "The ponies must go it, now."

"Hurrah!" responded Jim. "What if it's to be a fight!"

Away they went, and the despatch was delivered in short order, but it was taken by the officer on duty and they did not learn what was in it. On the other hand each of them received an important piece of information which he had not been exactly looking for.

"Is that Cadet James Monroe with you?" asked the officer.

"Yes, sir, it is," replied Dan. "He's been out with me."

"Yes," growled the officer, a captain. "I saw you two young scamps ride away together. I am to tell him that his appointment has been made out and that he is to report for duty to Captain Hardin, of the Virginia Riflemen. Give me the rest of your other despatches, except the one for General Ward. You will find him at the Brookline fort. Go, now!"

"May Cadet Monroe keep that pony till to-morrow?" asked Dan.

"No, sir, he can't do anything of the kind!" sharply responded the Captain. "I want him at once to carry another message. And look here, my young friend, don't you

play any more tricks with the headquarters horses. If you do, I'll send you to the old guardhouse."

"Where's that?" asked Dan, in some astonishment.

"Away over yonder, on Bunker Hill," laughed the Captain. "But when will the boys and about two-thirds of the men find out that this is an army and that they are not on their own farms, doing just as they please?"

Jim dismounted and walked away, but did so in exceedingly good spirits, for an actual appointment and order to duty solved for him the worst of his conundrum as a runaway from school and a soldier who did not belong anywhere in particular. It was also a fact that Dan himself was in a hurry to get away in search of General Ward, after having received in this manner his first reprimand from a superior officer.

The Captain saw him ride away, and laughed again.

"He's a young trump," he said, "and the General likes him, but he hadn't any right to lend his friend an army pony."

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH

GREAT GUNS

ALL the autumn days went slowly by and December came, with an abundance of snow and with pretty good formations of ice in the harbor, but this was not yet strong enough for the military evolutions of either army.

From occasional remarks which had been dropped by Cadet James Monroe, it appeared that he had been enabled to get out of college and into the camps by reason of the fact that the Virginia troops had marched through Princeton. Before that he had been in much doubt as to how he might obtain means of transportation, although he believed that he could find his way. When, however, the riflemen went into camp only a short distance from the college buildings, he had no difficulty in getting a deerskin suit from one of them, with permission from all of them to come along. Instead therefore of making the journey afoot and alone, he had reached his destination on

foot, indeed, but also as at least a nominal member of a detachment of the best fighting men of the Old Dominion. His speedy appointment by the General, his father's friend, was what he had hoped for, but it was nevertheless something tremendous. At the hour of its announcement he was feeling a little sorry for Dan and his reprimand on account of the pony, but all that dropped out of his mind while he hurried away to report to Captain Hardin and be ordered to soldier duty. After that there were days and days during which he all but forgot his desire to see everything right away in the necessity he was under of obeying orders from his superiors, some of whom seemed to expect him to do two things at once.

On his first morning, for instance, he had errands to carry which were somewhat like those of Dan, but he was compelled to take them without any pony. He discovered, however, that even the moderate amount of information he had obtained during his ride and talk with his Lexington friend was of a great deal of use to him. He was not entirely ignorant of the places and men to whom his papers

were directed, and was able to go ahead without losing his way more than half the time.

As for Dan himself, he had awakened on that same morning under some disturbance of mind, for he was not more than half able to make it up as to whether he had been scolded or praised by the captain on duty. At all events he had now a more accurate perception concerning the ownership of the army horses.

Another morning came, after the arrival of the December snow, when he found his accustomed pony saddled and ready for him when he came back from breakfast. What he might be expected to do with the black animal was yet one of the uncertain things of the future, but he at once noticed that there were many more horses than usual tethered along the rail.

"A'most all of 'em are officers' horses," muttered Dan. "I guess I know what they're here for. It's about those new guns an' what's to be done with 'em. The General can tell 'em."

The meaning of that was that the American privateer or Yankee pirate *Lee,* Captain Manly, had recently captured and carried safely into port the British ordnance brig

Nancy. On board of her had been found two thousand muskets with fifty flints for each, or about a hundred thousand in all; thirty thousand round shot of various sizes, some of them twelve pounders, for guns which would carry all the way to Boston; eleven mortar beds; quantities of powder and one brass thirteen-inch mortar, weighing 2700 pounds, to bombard the town with. Other lots of supplies had been captured by other privateers, and Dan was aware that a good deal of jealous feeling had been aroused among the troops over the anticipated division of the spoils. That was why he had imagined the horses at the rail to have brought as many envious claimants to annoy the General and make him wish that his navy might succeed in bringing in more weapons than he had soldiers. Dan was still considering the matter when nearly a dozen men, with or without epaulets, came pouring tumultuously out of the quarters. His first idea was that each of them must have received an encouraging share of the prizes taken by Captain Manly and the *Lee*. They were all in the best of spirits, talking, laughing, and Major Thomas Mifflin, General

Washington's aide-de-camp, was at their head.

"Cadet Monroe!" he shouted. "Mount and come with us. I may want you. Come on, now, boys! I want to see what Old Put is up to. Who'd ha' thought the old Indian fighter had any fun in him!"

"It's fun, is it?" exclaimed Dan, as he hurriedly unhitched his pony. "I'd like to see some. There hasn't been much of it around here."

That was one of the reasons why General Putnam had wisely determined to have some now, to relieve the tedium of the slow siege a little and to raise the spirits of the men. Away rode Major Mifflin and his party, and Dan was only a few lengths behind them, wondering much what was next to come. He may not have been accustomed to the way in which some things are done in the navy. Then as now, whenever a ship of war was launched, sent down the ways into the water, it was the custom to have some selected person ready to break a bottle of some sort over her nose and shout out the name she was to carry. It was called the christening of the vessel and

was always a great occasion. Now, the thirteen-inch mortar was not a ship of war, but General Putnam had sent around word that it was to have a name of its own and had invited all who could come to be present at the ceremony. He had placed one of the captured mortar beds in position near one of the redoubts, whether or not it was to remain there, and had duly mounted upon it the splendid trophy of the privateer.

Major Mifflin and his friends rode up just as all things appeared to be ready, including a crowd of soldiers so large that some of the works must at that hour have been deprived of their proper force of defenders. There had already been a good deal of cheering, but it all ceased when the Major sprang from his horse and advanced, drawing his sword as he did so and taking off his hat. There stood the great mortar, wearing a sort of patient and helpless expression, such as a British prisoner in the hands of the American rebels might be expected to put on, and behind her stood a soldier with a lighted long-match in his hand.

"I wonder if she's loaded," said Dan to

himself. "If she should go off, where on earth would the shot go to?"

A great roar of laughter arose at that moment, for General Putnam himself, with his hat in one hand and a big bottle in the other, sprang astride of the mortar and uttered a warwhoop.

"Ready, now, Mifflin!" he shouted. "Here it goes!"

Crack went the bottle over the brazen face of the mortar and down jumped the General, while Major Mifflin shouted "Congress!"

This was the name which the British-made piece of ordnance was thenceforth to bear, and down came the match upon its priming. It may have been half full of captured powder, from the vast and angry roar that it uttered, but no bomb or ball of any kind had been put in on top of the ammunition. Hardly had the echoes died away among the hills and forts when a storm of cheering arose among the men, which was afterwards said to have been heard by General Howe's astonished soldiers over in Boston.

Dan was wishing for a louder voice to cheer with and was wondering if the big gun was to

be fired again, but Major Mifflin was writing something on a slip of paper.

"Take that to his Excellency!" he commanded, and in a moment more the pony was galloping away toward the headquarters.

That was a grand bit of army fun, but one mortar might be considered somewhat lonely. Washington really had no guns for doing the one thing which he saw would enable him to compel the British army to get out of Boston. He knew that they were coming, however, and he was waiting, waiting heroically, in a belief that the sure end was not very far away.

During all this time the two Monroe cadets had many opportunities for improving their acquaintance, and both of them were more than willing to do so. One of the first discoveries they made was that they were a pair of ignoramuses who really knew a great deal. Dan knew almost nothing at all about the South and Jim had never taken the trouble to learn much about the North. Even his geography was defective, for the maps of those days were little more than blundering outline sketches, not made from actual surveys, and

many of the school text-books were only first attempts in that direction. On the other hand, both of the young friends appeared to have been soaked through and through with the local histories of their respective sections. Jim could tell endless tales of the early history of Virginia, in which Sir Walter Raleigh, Captain John Smith, Powhatan, Pocahontas and other noted characters came out to make Dan open his eyes. Also the talk would sometimes drift on into the daring exploits of a mere eighteen-years-old boy by the name of George Washington. Told again and again was the thrilling story of Braddock's defeat at the fort where the French held what was then regarded as the gate to all the vast country which they claimed beyond the Allegheny Mountains.

Dan had a stock of stories which fitted in pretty well, for he had sat and listened, many a time, at his father's house, to the stirring yarns of the veterans of the old French war, the desperate fights at or near Ticonderoga, the massacre at Fort William Henry and the taking of Quebec at a later day. Beyond all that were the exploits of men like Israel Put-

nam and the earlier struggles of the New England settlers with tribes of red men as fierce as any that were driven away from the rich lands on either bank of the Potomac and its tributaries or neighbors. It was all wonderfully exciting, for if at any meeting one of the narrators brought out a particularly bloody or thrilling bit of history, putting into it all that he had ever heard of it, or it might be a little more, the other was sure, even while listening, to be raking his memory and imagination for some other tale as horrible or even more so, in which a greater number of men had been killed and more scalps taken.

They were not actually becoming novelists, for their stories were neither written out nor printed for the benefit of other fellows, but they were a first-rate example of the manner in which the old traditions were preserved. Even the methods by which they had obtained so much might indicate a reason why many of the several accounts of colonial historical events do not precisely agree with one another.

As time went on, it had been easy for Jim to get away upon excursions of his own among

the camps, and he was learning a great deal about the army and the military duties which he was yet to perform. One of his first unpleasant lessons concerning that army was given him when he saw hundreds and hundreds of really brave and patriotic men who had become tired of camp life actually marching off homeward at the end of their first term of service. Their places were soon to be filled with others, however, and the process of organizing and perfecting and preparing for battles went on without interruption.

Jim visited every work that was going on and listened with care to all the military talk that he could hear, and it did seem to him that his General need not be so anxious as he was said to be concerning some sudden sally by the British and a consequent breaking up of the siege.

"Why," he said to himself, "we have twenty thousand men and they haven't anywhere near so many."

It was a question which he consulted Dan about, and found that it had already been troubling him.

"Tell you what," said Dan, "I can't ask

General Washington himself, but I mean to speak to Captain Hale, first chance I get."

That was what he did, but Jim was not with him when he asked:

"Captain Hale, can't twenty thousand of our men whip fifteen o' theirs? I guess we could. We'd be behind breastworks, too."

Captain Hale replied somewhat soberly:

"Dan, my boy, we haven't any twenty thousand. I wish we had. But if they were all in the army, where are they, for a battle?"

"Right here," said Dan. "Everywhere along the lines."

"Just so," said the Captain, "and the lines are twenty miles long. Only a thousand of our men for any one mile. If the British were to strike and break through at any place where we are a little weak, our other troops might have to march miles and miles to support the beaten regiments and all the while the British actually fighting would be in superior numbers. That's why General Washington makes the men do all the digging they grumble at and run away from. They'd rather fight than dig, any day."

"So would I," replied Dan, emphatically.

"If there's anything I'd hate it's pick and shovel work in such weather as this is."

The weather had indeed grown so cold that the ice between Charlestown peninsula and the mainland was strong enough to bear men, but when, one dark night, a surprise party of American troops from the forces on Cobble Hill went over to attempt a blow at the enemy, their plan was defeated by a pair of shoes and a gun. The shoes were on the feet of a soldier who slipped and fell, and the gun in his hand went off as its trigger struck the ice and the flint sent a shower of sparks into its powder pan. The British were awakened and the intended surprise was a failure.

There was a fair degree of comfort in the camps, if it had not been for an occasional scarcity of firewood. It takes a great deal of wood to supply so many firesides and to do so large an amount of cooking. The rations given out now, however, were about all that could reasonably have been asked for, including the regular allowance of one quart of spruce beer a day, or molasses and roots enough to enable the men to make it for themselves. Quantities of warm clothing also came

from many quarters and there was an increasingly successful effort made toward something like similarity in the uniforms of the regiments.

So, day after day, slowly wore out the memorable year 1775, the first year of that war for liberty which was not yet acknowledged by the colonists to be also a war for independence. There was a great deal said about such a result, indeed, and if John Adams had been one of the first to speak loudly and openly about a new republic, not a great way behind him was no less important a personage than George Third, King of England. In his speech from the throne at the opening of Parliament that winter, he roundly asserted concerning his American rebels: "This rebellious war is manifestly carried on for the purpose of establishing an independent empire." The number of influential Americans who agreed with him was increasing daily, but was greater among the soldiers in their winter camps than among the quiet people around their home firesides.

It was just as the old year went out and the new year came in that a ship from England

brought printed copies of that speech of the king into Boston, and some of them were permitted to find their way into the rebel camps. It was read to the men at their parades and in their quarters and the king may never have known how much he was doing to make his own assertions come true. It was, however, probably the last time that he exercised any considerable personal influence over the American people.

It was on that very day, New Year's Day, 1776, that Cadet Jim got away from the Virginia camp for a visit to Cambridge and to Cadet Dan, that he might as usual obtain the news for himself and the riflemen.

"Dan," he said, as soon as they were together, "what's going on? We all had as big a dinner as we could get up on Christmas, and there'll be all sorts of cooking done to-day. I don't believe that British cannonading this morning amounts to anything."

"Of course it doesn't," replied Dan. "Our officers say it's mostly a New Year salute. But do you just wait around here a while. This is goin' to be a bigger day for us than it is for them."

"What for?" asked Jim. "I haven't heard of anything."

"Why," said Dan, "I'll tell you what. All the old rattlesnake an' pine-tree flags and all the others have got to go. Congress has done it, and the General's orders are out. The worst of it is, though, that there ain't anywhere near a quarter enough of 'em to go around."

"Not a quarter enough o' what?" asked his puzzled visitor.

"Why, didn't you know?" said Dan. "Well! It's this way. General Washington's been makin' a new army out of the old one, except for so many men that are goin' home, and it's to be the Continental Army. Congress has passed some laws about it, I don't know what, but they've made a Union flag, as they call it, and it's an all-fired pretty one. You wait a bit while the men rig the halliards on that headquarters flagstaff."

Not until that very hour had there been any national flag over the roof that sheltered the Commander-in-Chief of the American forces. There he was now, standing in the piazza with a brilliant group of officers around him and

down the road at a little distance were cannon stationed.

"Now!" shouted an officer at the foot of the tall flagstaff and the men pulled rapidly upon the halliards.

Up it went, that broad spread of new bunting, and the wind took hold of it and swung it out splendidly, as if glad to have it come. General Washington took off his hat and bowed his head, as did all who were around him, and the cannon spoke in a loud salute which was answered from all the forts near and far and by the shouts of thousands of men.

"Jim," yelled Dan, "that's our new flag! There are thirteen stripes, one for each colony, but all the forts and regiments can't send it up to-day."

Jim stood still for a moment, staring at the beautiful banner, as did all others who were near enough to see.

"Dan," he said, thoughtfully, "our new flag? That was never seen before? And you and I have got to fight under it and live and die under it? Well, I wouldn't ha' missed being here for anything, to see it go up."

General Washington himself was one of the

men who stood and gazed at the Union flag in silence. Then he did not even put on his hat again as he turned and slowly walked back into the house. There were others who may not have thought so deeply, but he knew well that in adopting and sending up a banner of their own the American people had really decided to become a nation. All that was done afterwards, on battlefields or in legislative assemblies, did but go on to put into more perfect form the Declaration that was made that winter morning.

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH

TWO KINGS

KING GEORGE of England still claimed to be the rightful monarch of all the colonies of Great Britain in North America. The armed force, however, with which he was supporting that claim was doing little more than to garrison Boston and to hold a few other ports and places along the Atlantic coast and in the Canadas. At some of these points, among his more northerly nominal possessions, he was now beginning to find himself interfered with by another potentate, sometimes spoken of as King Frost, who commanded curiously multitudinous armies of his own.

He had done some things already and was preparing for further operations of a most offensive character. In Boston harbor, for instance, he was forming ice which was sadly in the way of sailing vessels, ships of

war and transports, which had no modern-made, sharp-nosed steam-tugs to plow channels through it for them. It would have been even a greater hindrance to military movements on shore, aided by snowdrifts and American rifles, and so the forces of King Frost had become an important part of the defensive works of the besiegers.

At the same time the Yankee privateer "pirates" were becoming more and more active. They almost blockaded the ports of King George, so far as his supply ships were concerned, and were bringing into Washington's own harbors, at Salem and elsewhere, large cargoes of things which were precisely what the British army was in need of and of which his own could make the best possible use. The sleighing was good between Salem and Boston, for the road was worn smooth all the while. Never before in the history of Massachusetts colony had there been so much travel on that highway.

"Jim," exclaimed Dan to his friend, the day after one of the hardest freezes, while they were taking a look at the prospect from Cobble Hill, "if you and I had skates, we

could go out and skate all the way around some o' those ships o' war. They're just froze in."

"Yes, we might," replied Jim, doubtfully, "but we'd be shot at all the time by the crews. They'd call us scouts from our army."

"Well," said Dan, "I guess we won't try it on. But there's one thing more I want to do. I heard all about it, last night, and I'm kind o' let off duty to-day. Major Mifflin's gone to see it, an' so's the General——"

"What on earth is it?" asked Jim.

"Why," responded Dan, "it's the biggest kind o' thing. General Knox is coming in with all the guns from old Fort Ticonderoga. Everybody at the quarters is wild over it. More than fifty of 'em, they said. Big cannon and mortars Just what we're in need of to take old Howe."

"Hurrah!" shouted Jim. "That's a thing I'd like to see. Do you know what road they're coming by?"

"There isn't but one they could come by," said Dan. "It's the old New York highway, and I guess they had trouble enough gettin' into it, all the way from Vermont and up the

Hudson River. One feller said that they hauled 'em across the river on the ice and not a gun broke in, it was froze so hard. Saved 'em havin' to use boats."

Dan had a few more bits of news to tell, that he had picked up at the quarters, but he and Jim were already on their way through the camps and toward the great western highway. The camps themselves were a sight worth seeing, with their multitudes of tiny smoke-wreaths curling up from all sorts and patterns of improvised chimneys, their soldiers on parade, and here and there one of the new, national flags floating in place of the old colonial bunting.

Rapid walking was the correct thing to do on so frosty a morning, and before long the two friends were out in the country among the farms. More than one squad of men on horseback had passed them without attracting especial attention, but at last they came in sight of a pretty numerous party which had halted on the crest of a low hill.

"Hello, Dan!" said Jim. "If there isn't the General himself. He's come out to review the Ticonderoga cannon. Now we know just

"Thank God! Now I can take Boston."—*Page 303.*

where to wait for 'em. Let's go over just beyond him."

"So we can see 'em first?" said Dan. "Guess he's glad they're here."

It was well for them that they had both been provided with good overcoats, for King Frost was busy with them when they went over that hill and they noticed that all the distinguished horsemen on the crest of it were wearing red faces. That of Washington in particular was deeply flushed, but it was very bright and hopeful as he gazed up the road at a long line of sleds, drawn, some by horses and some by oxen, which were toiling along toward him. The foremost of them were within a few yards when he drew a long, relieved breath and exclaimed:

"Thank God! Now I can take Boston."

Jim and Dan paused for a good look at that first sleigh-load. Four oxen were hauling it and seemed to do so easily, although Dan shouted:

"Twelve-pounder, Jim! We're goin' to fight 'em with British cannon."

"No, you ain't, Dan," responded a tall man almost hidden by his tremendous overcoat,

who was walking along by the gun. "This 'ere's a French piece. It's one o' the old affairs they put there before they gave it up."

"Captain Andrews!" exclaimed Dan. "Why didn't they bring the British cannon? They might just as well."

"Because this 'ere's a mighty good one," laughed the Captain, his old commander in the night adventure beyond the Mystic. "Nobody can make better ordnance than the French can. I've been looking at a lot of 'em."

One of the officers who had been with Washington had ridden forward and dismounted and was now making some kind of measurement of the muzzle of that French gun. In a moment more he raised his head and shouted:

"All right, your Excellency. All the big shot that were captured on the *Nancy* will fit calibers like this. I told General Knox to look out for that. The smaller pieces are all right, too. I've measured 'em."

"Very good, Mifflin," responded the General, "but I did not expect any help from the French quite so soon as this."

He was to obtain a great deal from them, a few years later, and he might also have said that the greater part of his present aid came to him from British cannon foundries, by way of Ticonderoga, through the excellent management and enterprise of Ethan Allen and General Knox.

Just then the two cadets had to get out of the way, stepping into a snowbank to do so, for General Washington had no intention of sitting still on that rise of ground for all his prizes to come to him. He was now riding forward along the line, pausing at each team as he came to it and leaning out in the saddle as if he meant to make the personal acquaintance of every one of the pieces. Not any of them could have been there that day if it had not been for King Frost. The Americans had no wagons upon which they could have transported twelve-pounders over forest and mountain roads, but the low-framed, strongly made lumber-sleds, built to carry long cuts from tree trunks to the sawmills, were well adapted to that purpose, and slippery snow and ice made hauling easy even over swamps and mudholes.

"We've seen enough!" said Dan, at last. "I'm half froze. Let's go."

"I'm ready," said Jim, and they were turning away when Major Mifflin caught sight of his errand carrier and shouted:

"Cadet Monroe! Where's your horse?"

"Didn't fetch him along, sir," responded Dan. "He's at the quarters."

"Come here, then. Take this despatch. Get into that man's sleigh, and he must drive his best. Get your pony and find General Ward. General Washington will wish to see him at once on his return. He will find Putnam."

It had been a small one-horse cutter that was passing and which Major Mifflin had in this way impressed into the service of the country. Dan sprang in and the driver seemed entirely willing to give his horse the whip. He did not say anything, however, except some remark about the cold. He did not even speak of the guns and covered up his face to protect it from the wind, so that Dan did not at first get a good look at it. Even then he did not think or care much whose sleigh he was in, but he had seen something

that made him feel uneasy. The quarters reached, the stranger drove rapidly away, the pony was mounted and the despatch was delivered to General Ward. It was not until Dan was again galloping back that a sudden chill came over him and he exclaimed:

"I want to see the General right away! I must see Major Mifflin!"

Down he sprang at the rail and hitched his pony, and the sentry on duty told him that General Washington had just returned, but that Major Mifflin had not and that General Thomas was in the inner office, in consultation.

"What on earth 'll I do!" exclaimed Dan. "I must see the General, right away. Hello! Captain Hale!"

"What is it, Dan?" calmly inquired the New London hero. "Don't be so excited. Tell me, and if it's necessary I can get you in. What is it?"

Dan whispered a few hurried words in his ear, and he too seemed to be waking up as he sharply replied:

"He will wish to hear about it. It won't do to wait——"

On they went into the house, and in less than a minute more Dan stood before the Commander-in-Chief, almost trembling.

"It wasn't my fault, your Excellency," he said. "I didn't know him till after he was gone. He was in the sleigh, and Major Mifflin put me in and he left me at these quarters, and after that it all came to me——"

"Very well," said Washington. "Who was he?"

"Captain Henderson, of the British Light Infantry, your Excellency!" blurted out Dan, as if he were apologizing for some crime. "I saw him two or three times, when I was in Boston. He kept his face a'most covered, but he was here as a spy to learn all about our guns!"

"I'm not sorry about that," said Washington, "if he did not learn too many other things concerning the condition of our army. I am quite willing General Howe should know of the great increase in our artillery."

"Then I'm glad of it, sir," said Dan. "It might scare him, some."

Washington's face relaxed into a smile as he answered:

"He is not easily scared, but you may go, now. By this time I can suppose Captain Henderson to be far out of our reach."

Dan was glad to get away without being held responsible for the escape of the spy, and the General was right about it, for in the dusk of that evening a single sleigh containing a very daring adventurer went across on the ice to Boston from a point near the mouth of the Charles River, and a little while afterwards General Howe knew all about the new guns.

He knew one thing more, for Captain Henderson said to him:

"I had a singular piece of good luck or I might not have escaped."

"What was that?" asked the General.

"Why," replied the Captain, "when I blundered right in upon Washington and his escort and thought my time had come, there was that sharp-eyed spy of ours, Dan Monroe, watching the guns to report 'em. One of the American officers picked him up and ordered him to take a despatch to their headquarters in my sleigh. I drove him all the way, and the cute youngster had the sense to look me in the

face and wink and appear not to know me. They'd have had me in a minute but for his nerve."

It was a flying bit of snow in his eye which had made Dan wink, and it was not his fault that he had increased the good will entertained for him by the commanding generals of both armies at the same time.

Things were beginning to look better and better in the patriot army. Not only had the Ticonderoga cannon arrived, but there was a good supply of powder, and on the 26th of January the muster rolls recorded the presence of 17,633 men, divided into six brigades. The weather itself underwent a change and a thaw cleared the harbor, as if, for some reason of his own, not unfavorable of course to the American cause, King Frost had decided to let go of it. Still, he left the sleighing in the interior very good, so that all supplies came readily to the camps.

It was not many days after the arrival of the guns that Jim went over to the headquarters on one of his usual errands. Not only he was always glad to go, but his Virginia friends were all the while putting him up to it. They

declared that he was as good as a newspaper, so sure was he to learn from Dan something that the riflemen had not heard from anybody else.

"Dan," he said, "have you any idea what General Washington's going to do next? The men say that something or other's up."

"I guess there is," replied Dan. "I heard Captain Hale say to Major Mifflin that when we made a move to Dorchester Heights he wanted to be in the detachment sent. There'd be a big fight, sure, he said, and the Major said that was just what we were all wishing for."

"That's just where I want to be!" exclaimed Jim. "But I've been temporarily ordered to Colonel Larned's regiment, in General Thomas's brigade. Then the General stuck me at his quarters, on just such runabout work as yours is. Maybe neither of us'll see any of the fighting."

Washington was preparing for something more than the mere occupation of the Heights. He meant to force the British commander into a general engagement and take him at a disadvantage. It was on the 26th of February

that he wrote to a friend in Philadelphia, without saying a word about it to Dan: "I am preparing to take post on Dorchester Heights, to try if the enemy will be so kind as to come out to us." He wrote even more explicitly to others concerning the precise purpose with which he proposed to be "able to command a great part of the town and almost the whole harbor."

Jim went back to the riflemen with the news, even before he returned to the quarters of General Thomas, where as yet he seemed to have not any too much to do. The fact was that General Washington had an eye on him, and this was only a sort of halfway house to Jim's final assignment to a Virginia regiment, which, as the record shows, was made soon afterwards.

March was now close at hand and all the ice was out of the harbor. There was no more work for King Frost to do, and he was now almost as far away as the other king, over the water in England. Neither was King George able to do anything to hinder the tremendous activity which began to make its appearance in all the American camps. Dan found him-

self able to tire out two ponies in one day in a desperate effort to get all his errands done in time to escape a black look from Major Mifflin. That was all he ever did get, and he never waited long enough after taking one to see how the humorous chief of staff grinned behind him or chuckled to himself:

"He's about the best o' the lot, and I don't care if he kills his pony."

It was on the morning of the 3d of March that he was sent in haste with a despatch to General Thomas.

"I know what it is!" he exclaimed, as he sprang into the saddle. "Old Thomas is wanted at once at the General's house. Oh, but wasn't there an awful cannonading last night."

That was precisely what Jim said to him, when they met after Dan had delivered his despatch and had one to carry back.

"I can't wait a minute, Jim," he said, "but it was just awful, on both sides. Biggest we've had since the siege began."

"Wonder how many were killed by it," said Jim.

"I don't know what we did to the British,"

replied Dan, "but our reports are in and not one man of us was hit. We did another thing, though."

"What's that?" asked Jim.

"Why," said Dan, reluctantly, "we made out to burst that big mortar Congress, that was captured in the *Nancy,* and one more o' the same size that came from Ticonderoga, an' three smaller ones."

"That's bad," said Jim, "but I was thinking of something else. If General Thomas is going to see General Washington, and if our brigade has been sent for, I'll be going with it. I'll see the fight, then."

"Hullo!" exclaimed Dan. "There's General Thomas, now. Good-by, Jim! I must get there before he does. I wish his horse was lame."

He did not appear to be so, but the General was delayed three whole minutes by order givings before he could mount, and during those minutes the black pony was doing his best. Dan got there first and was all but unceremonious in his rush past the sentry and into the office.

"Hello!" exclaimed Major Mifflin.

"Back already? Did you murder that poor beast? I didn't expect you for an hour."

"General Thomas is comin', sir," responded Dan, "and I heard him say that he wished he had ever so much more hay. We need some at our stable."

"Well," laughed the Major, "he wants his hay for an altogether different breed of pony. I shall want you to go with him, to-morrow night, and he'll send you back to tell us how he fed out that fodder."

General Thomas was at that moment coming in, and so were other officers, and Dan's presence was not required in the protracted council of war which followed. All he could do was to wait and become more and more excited as now and then the thunder of a heavy gun came booming through the air.

The next day was Sunday, and both armies were somewhat more quiet, but in the evening all the guns were at work again, as if it were the intention of Washington to wear out his enemy by preventing him from getting any sleep.

What he really meant by the cannonade and by apparent movements of troops at

Lechmere's Point and elsewhere, was to cover his plans and keep General Howe from paying any especial attention to Dorchester Heights. The telescopes of British officers who were studying the situation told them that a great deal of similarly inexplicable activity was manifested among the besieging camps all day Monday, and as night came on the mysterious cannonading began again, after it was too dark for any of the gunners to take aim or more than guess where their shot would be likely to land.

It was only an hour before sunset that Dan Monroe received from the Major his orders to eat his rations quickly and then ride to the camp of General Thomas, to wait with him for further instructions. It was not so very long a ride, but upon his arrival there was nothing in particular for him to do except sightseeing.

"I guess you'll find enough o' that," Jim told him. "Just do you go out among the men and see what we're doing. I can't stop to talk. This is going to be about the biggest night you ever saw."

"I guess not," said Dan. "I was with

Prescott and Putnam all night before the battle o' Bunker Hill."

"Bigger fight coming this time," replied Jim, and off he went to his duty, while Dan hurried away to his proposed inspection.

"That looks like Bunker Hill," he exclaimed, a few minutes later. "Carts full of picks an' spades an' crowbars, just as we had then. Tell you what, the first thing we're to do is to throw up entrenchments. I wonder if we shall see Howe's men coming up the hill next day, to be driven back. Anyhow, we'll have powder enough, this time, an' bayonets, too."

Very different indeed was the appearance and armament of the men who had almost become veterans under Washington, from the raw militia who had defended the slender earthworks on the crest of Breed's and Bunker. They were well armed, well officered, and were moving with all the precision of British regulars, for the regiments selected were among the best-drilled and disciplined in the whole army. Moreover, they were every bit as enthusiastic and eager for what might be before them as had been the bravest

Minute Men who had held the small redoubt and the breastworks of fence rails.

It was drawing near seven o'clock when Dan saw a force of about eight hundred men set out along the easterly road, and a little behind them were the cart loads of entrenching tools.

"The whole line is forming below," said Dan. "I'll ride along and see what it's goin' to be made up of."

In a few minutes more he was exclaiming:

"There's General Thomas, at the head of his column. He's given Jim a horse, and there he is. I heard 'em say this was twelve hundred men. Guess I'll wait an' see what's there, away behind."

His pony was perfectly willing to stand still while Dan looked and counted until he could report to himself:

"Is that what all Major Mifflin's hay was for? Three hundred wagonloads of it and of fagots an' sticks an' branches an' brushwood. They are what's called fascines. I read about 'em in one o' Captain Hale's books."

He had seen enough of that part of the mysterious night expedition, and turned the pony's

head to gallop along the line and join Cadet Jim at the head of it, behind the entrenching tools.

There was something wonderfully picturesque about this march in the dark, and the dead silence of it was in yet stronger contrast with the thunderous roar of artillery from as far away as Cobble Hill and Lechmere's Point, replied to by the British guns on Copp's Hill and other places.

It was a little after eight o'clock when the advance reached Dorchester Neck, and both Jim and Dan were with it, for the young Virginian had been sent on with an order to the officer in command, and Dan had remarked:

"I don't know what on earth I'm here for, yet, and I might as well be with you as anywhere else."

The slip of paper carried by Jim directed that the eight hundred men of that detachment were to divide at the Neck, only half of them going on to the Heights themselves, and the same division was made of the fascines and pressed hay when they arrived.

"The British are burning powder enough," said Dan, "but not a shot is coming in this

direction. They wouldn't hit anything if they came."

Before long there were two thousand men on hand, working with a will, one relief following another, that none might become overfatigued by the severe work they were doing. It was just as the day dawned that Dan heard his own name shouted by somebody, and turned from watching the placing of some bales of hay on the line across the Neck to be told by Jim:

"Quick, now, Dan! General Thomas wants you."

The pony himself must have understood, for he threw up his heels and plunged forward, and Dan hardly had time to breathe before the General was handing him a despatch paper and saying:

"You will find his Excellency at Roxbury Fort. Hand him that and tell him everything else you have seen to-night."

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH

SUCCESS!

THERE had been a practical reason for the selection of Dan Monroe by General Thomas for so apparently important an errand. Not only had he been acquainted with him for a good while and was familiar with his record as a scout or spy in Boston and elsewhere, but he had seen something that night.

"I declare!" he remarked to one of his aides. "That youngster is everywhere. He hasn't let his pony stand still for more than five minutes at a time. I'll bet that he knows where every bale o' hay was put in."

The bales and fascines were not exactly in Dan's head, but when he found himself face to face with General Washington he almost wished that some other messenger had been sent. The General read the despatches, and then he began to ask questions in a way that proved his own minute familiarity with every inch of the ground and with all the forces he

had put upon it. Dan must have replied pretty well, for at the end of the cross examination his exacting examiner actually laughed as he told him:

"Go now. Go right back and stay there. It is just as if I'd been there myself, riding around on a pony. Report to General Thomas."

He did not hear Dan exclaim, the moment he was out of earshot:

"Who would ha' thought that he knew so much beforehand about all that we were doing! All I had to do when he asked a question was to tell him 'Yes, sir, that was done, too, just as you said it was.'"

Dan also now understood precisely why the General was at Roxbury Fort and why such a crowd of officers was coming and going under his direction.

The sun was well up, and other eyes were taking note of the apparently well perfected lines of breastworks across Dorchester Neck, on the crests of its steep hills, and of the other defenses on the Heights beyond. There were no cannon there yet except some light pieces, but heavier guns would arrive soon, for Wash-

ington was forwarding them in person. There are seemingly trustworthy records of some of the remarks made by the observers who were sadly employing their telescopes in Boston.

"The rebels have done more in one night than my whole army could have done in a month!" remarked General Howe, and he may have been considering the bales of hay as the work of picks and shovels.

Another doleful saying was: "It must have been the employment of at least twelve thousand men." One of his officers actually wrote to a friend concerning that hay and the bundles of sticks: "They were raised with an expedition equal to that of the Genii belonging to Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp." A great many other things were said, and one of them, by Admiral Shuldham, in command of the fleet, was that his ships could not remain in that harbor nor the British army in the town unless the Americans should be driven out from their suddenly gained position. General Howe already knew, from Captain Henderson's report, the number and caliber of the guns which would soon be looking out through the embrasures in that fodder.

"Dan," said Jim, when they met, "did you see the General himself?"

"Yes, I did," replied Dan. "We're to have two thousand more men here right away, and he hopes they'll try to take us by storm. If they do, he means to beat 'em an' chase 'em back into Boston over the Neck—or in some other way. Soon as our guns are here, we can just sweep the Neck."

"Glad I'm here, anyhow," said Jim. "I want to see 'em come."

General Howe's glasses told him that the cannon of the Americans were not yet upon their works and that he must act now or never. He therefore ordered Earl Percy, the same brave officer who had brought back the wrecks of the ill-fated expedition to Concord, to take a force of twenty-four hundred men and to gather boats at Castle William. From this point they were to be ferried over the next night for a surprise of Dorchester Heights, but the movement of so strong a force could not be kept secret, and the Americans were preparing to receive them. Among the preparations was one curious invention. The hillsides on the Neck were very steep and a large

number of barrels, filled with earth and stones, were made ready to be rolled down upon any unlucky column which might dare to come up the slope. No amount of perfect drill or discipline could have preserved an orderly front against the rush and roll of those barrels.

"I'd want to get out o' their way," remarked Dan. "Just think o' bein' mashed out thin by one o' those rollers!"

It was in the afternoon that Washington himself made his appearance, passing from point to point and encouraging the men. It was his sincere hope that the enemy would come, and he was entirely ready for them. This was the 5th of March, and it was a bloody anniversary for the New England men. On that day, seven years before, had occurred what was known as the "Boston Massacre," the first collision, of any importance, between the citizens of Boston and the soldiers of the king. It was to this event that the General referred in an address that he made to one assembly of the soldiers who were to defend these works—if the British should attack them.

"Remember," he said, "it is the 5th of March, and avenge the death of your brethren." He had done more than make speeches, for he had prepared no less than four thousand men to cross in boats from a point near the mouth of the Charles River and take advantage of the expected defeat of the attempt against the Dorchester defenses.

The noon and most of the afternoon of the 5th had been passed in vigorous preparations on both sides. Lord Percy's men and boats were nearly ready, and gun after gun on the American side had gone crawling along over the muddy road until it could climb a hill and poke its iron or brazen nose out between two bales of hay or two heaps of half-frozen earth. In after time it was freely asserted that many of the embrasures were occupied before the cannon overcame the mud. There is said to have been a hypocritical keeping up of appearances and that under the special direction of General Putnam, who had a vein of fun in him, trunks of trees of the proper caliber were sawed into sections and made to serve as twelve pounders until the arrival of the ordnance from Ticonderoga. At all

events, the defenses were all the while assuming more and more of a threatening look, and the prospect for Earl Percy's men was growing darker.

"Just look at that bay!" exclaimed Jim, as he stood on the highest point of the Heights and looked across the tossing water toward Bird Island and Noddle's Island. "It's blowing a perfect gale."

"The ships o' war are rocking at their anchors," responded Dan. "But the worst of it is all that surf on the shore down yonder. It'll be just as bad in the back bay. It'll be an awful disappointment to General Washington if this storm keeps on. Neither their boats nor ours can do a thing. They can't come here to be whipped, an' we can't go over an' take Boston."

"It's just awful!" said Jim. "I'd been counting on seeing General Howe's men come up that hill, just as you saw 'em at Breed's. But I guess there won't be any battle this night."

A fierce, fresh gust that came howling by confirmed him in that opinion, and it had a similar errand to the minds of the command-

ing generals of both armies, but they were differently affected by it.

"This was their last chance," said General Washington to a party of officers who were riding with him behind the works on Dorchester Neck. "Our guns are getting into position rapidly. They have no troops that can come up that slope yonder against grape and canister as well as riflemen. Not a man of them would live to touch the breastworks. Gentlemen, we are about to drive the British out of Boston without any further bloodshed!"

He should have been answered by loud hurrahs, but not one cheer was uttered, and it was General Thomas himself who slowly responded:

"I think you are right, General, but I was hoping that we might have one more close tug with 'em. The fact is that they will get away from us, for we cannot force them to surrender. They have ships enough to carry Howe's entire army and we cannot prevent it."

"I hardly care to," said Washington, "but I was thinking. To what point or port will

the British army be carried when it gives up Boston? In my opinion, I must send a garrison to New York without too much delay."

On the other hand, General Howe saw his last opportunity slipping away from him, for he knew as well as they did that every hour given to the Americans for completing their defenses rendered a direct assault more and more surely a defeat and a disaster. All that night and all the next day the storm howled on while the rain fell in torrents. The boats of Earl Percy could not possibly have landed their passengers through the surf which was beating upon the beach. It was forever too late, and the proposed attempt was given up.

"I wish it hadn't rained!" growled Jim to himself. "I'd ha' liked to ha' got even with Dan. I haven't been in a real fight yet. I guess I will, though, one o' these days. The war isn't over."

It had only just begun, but the next duty of General Howe was to call a council of war and inform his officers that the only means for saving that army was to take it out of Boston.

After a grim and gloomy conference, they all sadly agreed with him, and preparations for departure were at once begun. On the 8th of March this decision was informally communicated to General Washington, with a plea for the protection of the citizens from any further harm, but he could not take notice of any assurances which did not come directly from General Howe, and his further operations were pushed forward with energy. The only plans left for the British to make were such as related to getting away, and the town—camps, forts and all—was a scene of pitiful confusion. Not only were all available boats employed in conveying to the ships military stores, the property of officers and the goods of Tories who intended to flee with the forces of the king, but stores and shops were broken open and plundered and the last days of the siege were a time of terrible trouble and anxiety to the rebel residents of Boston.

Washington was aware of much that was going on, but he was getting impatient and called a council of his generals. They were as feverish as their commander, but the only important result of the council was the im-

mediate fortifying of points nearer Boston and an order for five regiments to march for the occupation of New York, to which place it was now well understood that the whole army would follow as soon as the British were well out at sea. They had made their preparations and had done all the mischief the really good intentions of General Howe would permit them to do. It had been necessary, however, to spike a number of cannon which they had not time to move and to throw quantities of precious gunpowder into the water.

It was early on the morning of the 7th that Dan Monroe was ordered to take a ride to Cobble Hill. He had a despatch for the officer in command of the fort, but quite another bit of news was waiting for him. He and his pony did their errand, and then Dan went out and climbed to the highest point of the rampart.. The air was clear, the sun was shining, and he gazed long and earnestly across the water toward the hills on the Charlestown peninsula.

"Hurrah!" he suddenly shouted. "I know what that means! The British flag on

Bunker Hill is coming down. From Breed's, too. They are getting away!"

Down he sprang, and in a moment more he was again on his pony, galloping toward Charlestown Neck. He was not long in reaching the place where the British outposts had formerly been stationed, but here he was interrupted by a strong detachment under the command of his old friend, Captain Andrews.

"Halt, Dan!" called out the Captain. "Where on earth are you going?"

"The British have given up Bunker Hill!" shouted back Dan.

"We know that," replied Andrews, with a triumphant laugh. "The old battle ground is ours again and we shall march in to-day. Look at their earthworks, yonder. Don't you see they are deserted? Their guns are gone and the men are being boated over to the other shore. Ride back and report!"

Dan did not say anything, but he yelled and the pony neighed as they wheeled and turned their heads towards Cambridge. They went as if they had been sent to capture something, but the first man he met and breathlessly told

the news to was Colonel Mifflin, recently promoted to that grade and to the position of Quartermaster-General.

"Glad to hear it, my boy," said the Colonel. "But we won't keep them from going. That's just what we want. They are leaving at all the other points, too, but their boats are under cover of their guns. The General is sending half a dozen detachments to take possession of the town."

"Oh, but don't I wish I could go with one of them!" exclaimed Dan.

"I'll fix it for you," said the Colonel. "Ride right on to Roxbury Fort and tell General Ward about their leaving the other places. You may go into the town with his men and come back and report."

It was a long gallop to Roxbury, and by the time he got there Dan was a dismounted man, for his quadruped would do no more. He could rest, however, and Dan, after delivering his welcome message to General Ward, could take his place on foot at the front of a body of about five hundred men who were just setting out for Boston Neck.

"Forward, march!" roared Colonel Lar-

ned, in command of them. "Hurrah! Boys! Let's be the first in, if we can. Old Put's going over with a whole brigade, in boats from the Charles River. We can beat him."

A storm of yells and cheers replied, and the regiment dashed forward at a rate which threatened to make it break ranks, but there is no authentic record as to whether Old Put or Larned first got within the topographical limits of the rescued town. Dan considered himself already there, the moment the column he and Larned led began to move.

About one mile south of the narrowest part of the Neck there was a crooked line of strong earthworks, through the middle of which ran the old highway upon which the Massachusetts farmers had not for so long a time been permitted to drive their teams. Here was a great gate, a sallyport, and the retreating British had left it heavily barred. Some time was consumed in breaking through this barrier and then the Americans dashed wildly forward, headed by the Colonel himself, Dan Monroe, and the beautiful new flag of the Union, carried by Ensign Richards. Dan would have given anything to have been the

Headed by the Colonel himself, Dan Monroe, and the beautiful new flag of the Union. — *Page 334.*

bearer of that banner through that gate. A minute or so later they discovered that much of the ground they were marching into had been littered with iron "crow's feet," in a futile attempt to make any such force as theirs pick its way slowly and give the retreating rear guard more time to get on board the ships.

Then on they went along Orange and Newbury streets to Marlborough, without encountering any remnants of the departed garrison, but at the corner of Winter Street Dan had a personal experience of his own. Their coming was altogether unexpected, but all along the way astonished citizens had rushed out of the houses to see them go by. The greater number of these long-suffering people appeared to be too much bewildered and broken-hearted to even cheer, but there had been a few, nearly all boys, who darted up the street on the run, to shout out the good and wonderful news to everybody they met. This was why there was such a gathering of men and women at the corner of Winter Street.

"Friend Willis!" shouted Dan, as he sprang away. "The whole family!"

"Dan!" called back the old Quaker. "Glory! Thou art welcome! Thou and they are welcome——"

"Praise God!" screamed Mrs. Willis. "Our long trial is over. We are free at last! Praise God for all his mercies!"

It was amid a chorus of weeping and shouting and praises that Dan shook hands with his old friends and told them that his whole army was coming.

He had to hurry on and rejoin the regiment, and it was not long before he was sent back to Roxbury by Colonel Larned with a report to General Ward. Precisely how he got there he did not know, and he was even more completely used up than his pony had been, for great excitements are fatiguing and he had been dashing around at a high rate of speed all day. There was really nothing left for him to do but to lie down and go to sleep.

All night long went steadily on the further operations required for fully taking possession of the town, while the benumbed inhabitants flitted from house to house to confer with one another and vainly try to realize the tremendous fact of their deliverance. The

British fleet yet lingered in the offing. On board of it were over eleven thousand soldiers besides about eleven hundred Tory refugees to whom the American victory had not come as a blessing. Their real destination from the first is understood to have been the harbor of Halifax, but on the day following the evacuation all the ships went to Nantasket Road, where most of them remained during ten days more, as if, after all, the General and the Admiral were prevented by professional pride from appearing to go away in a hurry.

Dan Monroe came out at an early hour from the hut-quarters which had been assigned to him and went to those of General Ward, but it was only to be confronted by Cadet James Monroe, of Virginia.

"Jim," he exclaimed, "are you here? I was in Boston, yesterday!"

"Just your luck!" responded Jim, almost enviously. "You always manage to get in first. Tell you what, though. Our brigade's to be one o' the first ordered off to New York. I'll get there before you do. I heard General Thomas say he wouldn't be left in camp here any longer."

"Well! Yes!" said Dan. "You may go. General Washington and I've got a good many things to attend to here, before we go——"

"You'll start for his quarters now!" said a loud voice behind him, and there was an aid of General Ward's with a paper in his hand. "Get your rations and get out your pony. You and I and Washington are going to have a busy day of it. Jim, if that's your name, this to General Thomas!"

Dan ate well, for he was always able to do that, and when he came out again to look after his pony he believed he could see the Union flag, far away, floating over the ramparts on Copp's Hill, in place of the banner of Great Britain which had streamed from the same tall staff only twenty-four hours before. At place after place, port after port, a similar change would be made, year after year, until only the Union flag would be seen above any rampart between the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico.

The pony was mounted and Dan dashed away on the Cambridge road, but he was all the while turning his head Bostonward so

intently that he came near charging right into one regiment of riflemen. He succeeded in reaching his destination without any serious mishap, however, and as he did so he saw the Commander-in-Chief also getting into the saddle, surrounded by a score of officers. He saw one thing more that startled him. Not many paces from the General and his escort stood a good-looking chaise, drawn by a long-legged, very respectable roan mare, and at the side of the carriage were two women, accompanied by a soldier, a corporal.

"Father? Mother? Aunt Dorothy?" gasped Dan. "How came they to be here?"

"Dan!" shouted Corporal David Monroe, as his son dropped down and let go of the bridle of the pony. "Here we are!"

"Oh, my son!" said Mrs. Monroe. "I'm so glad he wasn't hurt."

"Dan!" exclaimed Aunt Dorothy, darting forward to meet him. "We heard the British were goin', an' we got here yesterday. We went away over to Bunker Hill, early this morning, an' your father went with us——"

"Why, Aunt Dorothy," he interrupted her,

" they've gone. They've all sailed away, ships o' war and all."

"I saw 'em go!" she said. "I watched 'em from the top o' the hill. I went an' stood on the rampart——"

"Aunt Dorothy," said Dan, "don't you see? There's General Washington——"

"I don't care if it is," she said. "I came all the way from Lexington to see the British army get out. I did want to see him——"

Even while speaking she had stepped forward and was now looking up into his face. She was bareheaded, for in her excitement she had caught off her bonnet. She held that in one hand and in the other the whip with which she had driven the roan, and the tears were pouring down her wrinkled cheeks as she lifted her arms over her head and shouted:

"Glory! Glory! God bless General Washington!"

Off went the General's hat and he bowed low and reverently.

"God bless us all, madame!" he said. "This day of triumph is His gift to our country!"

Then he gave his horse the rein, and Dan

turned to be hugged by his mother and to hear her call him her " soldier boy, all safe," where we will leave him, ready for further service to his country, which will be told of in a later volume.

THE END

W. O. STODDARD'S BOOKS

12mo Cloth Price per volume, $1.25

DAN MONROE: A Story of Bunker Hill Illustrated by W. F. Kennedy

In this volume the hero is one whose name is found in several trustworthy records as the drummer boy of the Lexington militia, his closest friend, Nat Harrington, being the fifer. The Concord fight, the Battle of Bunker Hill, and the arrival of Washington are introduced as parts of a carefully preserved historical outline.

LONG BRIDGE BOYS Illustrated by I. B. Hazelton

It tells the story of an actual attempt made by the Confederates of Virginia, just prior to the outbreak of the Civil War, to seize the city of Washington by force of arms, and make prisoners of President Lincoln and other high government officials.

AHEAD OF THE ARMY Illustrated by C. Chase Emerson

This is a lively narrative of the experiences of an American boy who arrives in Mexico as the war with the United States is beginning.

THE ERRAND BOY OF ANDREW JACKSON: A War Story of 1812 Illustrated by Will Crawford

This tale is of the War of 1812, and describes the events of the only land campaign of 1812–1814 in which the Americans were entirely successful.

JACK MORGAN: A Boy of 1812 Illustrated by Will Crawford

It is the adventures of a boy of the frontier during the great fight that Harrison made on land, and Perry on the lakes for the security of the border.

THE NOANK'S LOG: A Privateer of the Revolution Illustrated by Will Crawford

The further adventures of the plucky Guert Ten Eyck, as he fought King George on land and sea.

THE DESPATCH BOAT OF THE WHISTLE: A Story of Santiago Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill

A breezy story of a newspaper despatch boat, in the war with Spain.

GUERT TEN EYCK Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill

A hero story of real American girls and boys, in the American Revolution.

THE PARTNERS Illustrated by Albert Scott Cox

A capital story of a bright, go-ahead country girl and two boys who helped her keep store.

CHUCK PURDY: A New York Boy Illustrated

A delightful story of boy life in New York City.

GID GRANGER: A Country Boy Illustrated

A capital story of American life.

For sale by all booksellers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by the publishers,

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO., BOSTON

George Cary Eggleston's Juveniles

The Bale Marked Circle X

A Blockade Running Adventure

Illustrated by C. Chase Emerson. 12mo, red cloth, illustrated cover, $1.50.

Another of Mr. Eggleston's stirring books for youth. In it are told the adventures of three boy soldiers in the Confederate Service who are sent in a sloop on a secret voyage from Charleston to the Bahamas, conveying a strange bale of cotton which holds important documents. The boys pass through startling adventures: they run the blockade, suffer shipwreck, and finally reach their destination after the pluckiest kind of effort.

Camp Venture

A Story of the Virginia Mountains

Illustrated by W. A. McCullough. 12mo, dark red cloth, illustrated cover, $1.50.

The *Louisville Courier Journal* says: "George Cary Eggleston has written a decidedly good tale of pluck and adventure in 'Camp Venture.' It will be of interest to young and old who enjoy an exciting story, but there is also a great deal of instruction and information in the book."

The Last of the Flatboats

A Story of the Mississippi

Illustrated by Charlotte Harding. 12mo, green cloth, illustrated cover, $1.50.

The *Brooklyn Eagle* says: "Mr. George Cary Eggleston, the veteran editor and author, has scored a double success in his new book, 'The Last of the Flatboats,' which has just been published. Written primarily as a story for young readers, it contains many things that are of interest to older people. Altogether, it is a mighty good story, and well worth reading."

Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston

End of the Book